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Things in General

HON. R. W. SCOTT, Secretary of State in the Laurier Government, has given the "Globe" his opinion of Mr. Justice MacMahon's decision, which, with its consequences, was examined at length last week. He contends, in a statement over a column in length, that if the decision is upheld it will be a violation of the British North America Act. If the decision is appealed to the highest tribunal of the Empire and is there upheld, it seems to me it will be because it is NOT in violation of the B. N. A. Act, but a proper interpretation of it. Mr. Scott, while admitting that it would no doubt meet with more general approval if the members of the Order (Christian Brothers) submitted to the examination prescribed by the Department of Education, maintains that as they "have from religious motive adopted the vocation of teaching, and are educated for that special purpose, it may be presumed that they are qualified up to the particular grade they are soon to teach." This assumption would have to be made either in ignorance or contempt of the report made less than ten years ago by Separate School Inspector White, unanimously upheld by special Commissioners Ryan, Scott and Tilley—appointed by the Ontario Government—and acted upon by the Ottawa Separate School trustees to the extent of dismissing the Christian Brothers from teaching positions in the Capital. This should be sufficient to dispose of Hon. Mr. Scott's assumption.

Hon. Mr. Scott quotes the original law passed in 1863, upon section 13 of which Mr. Justice MacMahon based his decision, and states that it continued to be the law at the time of Confederation, a portion of that document reading as follows: "In and for each province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:

"(1) Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the Province of the union.

"(2) All powers, privileges and duties at the union, by law conferred and imposed in Upper Canada on the Separate Schools and school trustees of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects, shall be and the same are hereby extended to the dissentient schools of the Queen's Protestant and Roman Catholic subjects in Quebec." Mr. Scott says, "Christian Brothers undoubtedly belong to a class of persons who at the time of the union had the privilege of teaching in Catholic Separate (denominational) schools without previous examination. The trustees of Catholic Separate schools at the time of the union had certainly the privilege of engaging Christian Brothers as teachers." In clause 1 of the quotation from the B. N. A. Act the "class of persons" evidently refers to those possessing the schools, not to those teaching in them, while in section 13 of the Separate School Act of 1863 "persons," and not a "class of persons," refers to the teachers.

Hon. Mr. Scott, who is one of the fathers of the Separate School Act, refers at considerable length to the discussion which occurred at the time the law was passed, and quotes extracts from the "Globe's" report of the debate of the 13th and 14th of March, 1863, but it seems to me fails in his effort to show that the intention of the bill was to make permanent the indefinite permit allowing members of a religious order to teach in the schools of that time without passing a Government examination. In reading what is quoted one cannot but regret that the late John Hillyard Cameron did not have his way; that Dr. Ryerson was not more definite in the statement of his purpose, and that John A. Macdonald, then untitled, was so ready to compromise in accepting Mr. Scott's amendment because "it yielded half and the House ought to yield the other half." The quotation made by Mr. Scott from the "Globe" of the 14th of March seems to prove little more than that the bishops had steadfastly followed and are still following an exceedingly definite if not, to non-Catholics, acceptable programme: "The aim of the Hierarchy is brought out very clearly by this (Mr. Scott's) amendment. They evidently mean to use our money for the purpose of planting their semi-clerical teachers, trained in Lower Canada, throughout every section of the Upper Province. These people can live on a pittance on which an ordinary teacher would starve." This quotation very well sums up the probable views of Mr. Grattan, who brought the suit which resulted in Mr. Justice MacMahon's decision. In conclusion Mr. Scott referred "to the practice of the courts in often giving too strict an interpretation to the language used in the statutes, instead of being guided by the manifest object the Legislature had in view. From the time the Separate Schools Act was passed—now over forty years ago—up till the recent decision, the right of the trustees of Separate schools to appoint Christian Brothers and Nuns who are members of the teaching orders, as teachers, has never been challenged, and it does seem rather regrettable that at this late date the question should have now to be seriously considered by the courts."

What seems to me to be more regrettable than the thrashing out in the courts now of this sectarian subject, is that the Separate School Act was ever passed, creating unnecessary and acute controversial issues. It was popular with few but the Hierarchy when enacted. The inharmonious union of the two provinces made the situation so chronically critical that improper and time-serving compromises of all sorts had to be adopted in order to keep the peace. No doubt Mr. Scott, representing the wishes of the bishops of his denomination, then as now, made his amendment as definite as he dared. John A. Macdonald confessed that they were giving up "half of the question," but if he had anticipated that the law was to be interpreted as meaning a permanent permit for religious communities to teach without Government certificates in this province he would certainly have felt that everything was being abandoned in the shape of Government examinations of teachers. It is too preposterous to think that anyone, excepting perhaps the bishops behind the deal, had an idea that forever and a day the religious communities then teaching in Lower Canada, where the schools were in an exceedingly backward condition, were to be empowered to teach the youth of any set in Upper Canada time without end and regardless of whether they advanced in educational methods or deteriorated. Neither can we think that the framers of the British North America Act contemplated any such fettering of Ontario's hands in educational matters.

The Act of Confederation was notoriously a series of compromises, is admittedly defective, and is satisfactory perhaps to no province in the Dominion excepting Quebec, which, I may say, without the slightest intention of being offensive, practically dictated the terms and had the number of her representatives per capita in the House of Commons made the unit of representation in Parliament for all the provinces. The appeal of Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick against the application of this unit to the number of their representatives per thousand of population shown by the last census, has just been decided in favor of the Dominion, and both provinces, as well as Ontario, will consequently have a reduced representation. No document prepared during the stress of negotiations for union could possibly be free from defects. Are these defects necessarily permanent? Has the spirit of compromise which brought us into a union with the idea that when we got acquainted and learned to understand each other better its initial mistakes might be rectified, to continue as if the members of Confederation were still new and raw with no interest in common but adherence to British connection at as small a cost to ourselves as possible, and the building up of as great a trade between ourselves as can be developed? When the Thirteen Colonies were in the formative process of union, discussions and compromises altered to a great extent Hamilton's original draft upon which this constitution was founded. Some of the greatest minds that this continent has produced, some of the noblest impulses that patriotism ever inspired, tended

to make that document a wonderfully lucid expression of the intents and purposes of the union, but it was AMENDED A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE THE UNITED STATES WAS MUCH MORE THAN HALF AS OLD AS THE DOMINION OF CANADA—the 12th amendment coming into force in 1804. True, it provided machinery for its own alteration, but the States are very slow to tinker with their constitution. The British North America Act can be changed only by an appeal to the Imperial Parliament which passed it—BUT IT CAN BE CHANGED AND WILL BE.

It is not the method of making changes that I desire to deal with here, but to suggest briefly and without any exact test questions being involved, IS CANADA TO BE FOREVER CRIPPLED BY THE MISTAKES MADE AT CONFEDERATION?

Because our fathers or grandfathers erred, are we and our children and our children's children FOREVER TO LIVE IN ERROR? If we started wrong in any particular instance must we continue to follow the false path though we are convinced that it is not leading us to our destination, which is to be hoped with every citizen is National Greatness?

Because a portion of the foundation of the structure we built in 1867 has been found defective, must the whole structure sag, to its disfigurement and eventual ruin, without an effort being made to remedy the defect?

If the roof we built at Confederation does not keep out the blasts of bigotry, the storms of sectarianism, racial strife, provincial jealousy, selfishness, partizan corruption and individual venality, are we to never replace a shingle that the Fathers of Confederation tacked so hastily over the none too staunchly fastened rafters?

Do we admit that it is impossible to discuss any revision of the terms either exacted by any single province or hastily or greedily demanded by them all, without at once getting into such a furious row as to make matters worse than before? I believe it can be quietly and profitably discussed, and

make no more speeches, Lord Dundonald said little, but in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, what he did say, though somewhat ambiguous, was inflammatory. The reports of the "Mail and Empire" and the "Globe" practically agree, though the former says "cut" while the latter says "clutch." He is reported as saying, "Words fail me; it shows me what the people think. I am certain of one thing; you have got both hands on the Union Jack, and if any man tries to cut your hands away the militia of Canada will stand by you." Who is Lord Dundonald to talk about the militia of Canada standing by someone who has both hands on the Union Jack? Does he mistake himself for the Union Jack? When he comes back is he to be in the humor to call out the Canadian militia? It would be bad enough to shoot off that sort of talk in Ontario; and though he probably had not the remotest intention of referring to the French-Canadians, his words will be construed to have an incendiary meaning. It matters nothing what he means; what he said was rubbish and we have had enough of it.

A DESPATCH from St. Petersburg tells of the prayers of the Czarina and the Greek priests for a son and heir. The Czarina has passed so far under the control of the priests, according to the despatch, that she pronounced a clause repudiating her former religion, which hitherto she had refused to accept, and it is said that "she actually believes that the reason she has had four daughters but no son has been on account of her not being able to believe all that is taught by the Russian church. Should the expected child prove to be a son the priests will again triumph, and the Czarina, like her husband and her mother-in-law, will fall completely under their influence." The

percentage of these inconclusive and inaccurate people who ever succeed in reforming after bad business habits are once formed, is exceedingly small. The numbers of men of all varieties who go into business for themselves and succeed, I have been told, is less than seven per cent.; the failures of course include men who have capital and no experience, and no capital; but the great big grist of business humanity which is continually being ground to commercial powder by the stern laws, unsympathetic, unyielding, which demand accuracy and conclusiveness, is mostly made up of those who only half do their work and have no distinct and absorbing purpose. At this season when the boys and girls are home from school, give each one of them some little daily talk and see that it is well done before the remainder of the day is theirs. Don't let them go wild or drift; life's sea is littered with driftwood, weeds and light stuff, blown by the wind and worn by the waves in going nowhere and being nothing.

A HE Railway Commission seems to have promptly and fairly settled the Union Station proposition. It is a good thing for everybody concerned. The lessees of the property on the Esplanade west of the Custom House and east of York street, and including the south side of Front street, are no longer in suspense; the property is to be expropriated and a million dollar station erected, to which access is to be allowed on equal terms to the G. T. R., the C. P. R., and Mackenzie and Mann's enterprises, and such new roads as may obtain entrance to the city. I do not agree with the "Telegram," which seems to have faith in nobody and nothing but itself, that we are rejoicing too soon, as the Railway Commission may or may not protect the interests of the city and the lease-holders. If the machinery for arbitrating as to price is defective, the Railway Commissioners will not be to blame. Neither can we throw rocks at the railway companies if they get the land as cheaply as they can, nor at the city and lease-holders if they get as much as they can. As a rule in arbitrations those who appropriate the property have to pay the full value of it, and in this case the usual legal machinery will be employed, with everything in favor of those in possession, a point which means much to the city and the lease-holders.

C ORDASCO, the Italian labor agent in Montreal, appears to have been skinning his fellow countrymen by charging them a fee for getting work and bringing them over to this country in such large numbers that became a pest to the city and had to sleep in the streets. He admits that he received \$3,356 from 3,910 Italians, that an American steaming company paid him a commission of seven dollars on each ticket from Naples to Montreal, and that he had also received a large profit on provisions—in the last named case it is said the profit was sometimes 150 per cent. Apparently the C. P. R., with whom he had some sort of agreement, had a knowledge of the methods he was employing to fleece his fellow countrymen, and were willing to profit by it to the extent of accepting the men when they needed them, taking no measures to either provide for or protect them. The facts as brought out by Judge Winchester in Montreal show a most contemptible disregard of the rights of the ignorant in a strange land. Cordasco owns a newspaper called the "Courrier du Canada," which is circulated in Italy, in which he was described by a correspondent as the great employer of Italian help, the friend, so to speak, of his race, a philanthropist of whom his countrymen should be proud. The Press Association should invite him to address their next meeting on "How to Make a Weekly Newspaper Pay."

T HERE is somewhere in Toronto, blushing behind the anonymity of an officer of the militia, a remarkable man whose name the world has a right to know. He knows military matters like a Dundonald, and he has the literary characteristics of an experienced newspaper man. Who is this man of occasional front-page opinions?"—"Globe" editorial, July 19.

When the "Globe" endeavors to be funny or sarcastic, as a rule it becomes heavy, vague, or offensive. The paragraph quoted evidently refers to the congratulation I offered a military gentleman who months ago suggested, in a letter published on this page, a Military Council in Canada, after the Imperial model, instead of a G. O. C. The "Globe" apparently thinks I was throwing bouquets at myself, though possibly it was only fishing for the officer's name. I at once wrote to him asking his permission, as I have no desire to have what the late Alexander Mackenzie would call "wut" pushed at me, or to be suspected of taking credit for what is due to another. A paragraph from his letter will indicate the nature of his reply: "Thanks for your offer, but just at present I had better sit tight and keep dark; there are too many military swells showing off this hot weather, and I don't want to be dismissed during the night. I hope now we will have an opportunity to run our own militia, and I am—sure we cannot do it worse than it has been for the last thirty years, with new generals every two or three, trying experiments on our unfortunate Canadian army. Some people would say we must be up-to-date, as we are always starting something new with old generals. Well, we will now, I hope, get down to Boer formation and try if possible to run the militia as we do our banks, trade, railways, fisheries, education, law, religion, and barber shops, without a guiding hand from the Old Country."

How does the "Globe" like that? Is it radical enough? I confess it gives me something of a jolt, though on second thought it seems all right. If the somewhat heavy-witted editor is not convinced that the correspondence is genuine, I shall endeavor to get permission to show him the whole letter and the name of the writer, if he promises not to faint when he finds who wrote it, and agrees to respect the officer's confidence as I have done.

TALKING of throwing bouquets at oneself, last week the "Globe" had a three-line heading as big as Ross's majority, over the following despatch marked "Canadian Associated Press": "London, July 21.—The London 'News' declares that the Toronto 'Globe's' statement that Canada's loyalty is infinitely above the Dundonald incident, and that the matter is insignificant from the point of view of Canada's Imperial relations, is a most pulverizing remark."

The first line of the heading was also "Pulverizing Remark," which seems to me a considerable exaggeration of the strength of the "Globe's" editorial expressions, ponderous as they sometimes are. I think, however, the "Globe's" "pulverizing remarks" were probably feeble compared with the o'er-pulverizing remarks made by the editors of the Tory dailies when they saw this advertisement of the "Globe" in the Canadian Associated Press despatches cabled from London, and paid for partially by themselves and partly by the Dominion Government, which grants \$15,000 per year subsidy to what seems to be degenerating into a branch of the "Globe's" advertising service. I am making these persistent protests against the Canadian Associated Press service, not



FAREWELL.

As it might have been.

I intend to demonstrate that there is much which must be discussed. The problem of defence against aggression is secondary! We must first arrange our body politic so that one section of it is not always up in arms against another; we cannot always be defending ourselves against ourselves. A foreign war might unite us for a time, but first of all we must prepare some way of living in harmony in a time of peace, without sacrificing every element of self-respect in compromises which outrage first one elementary principle, and then another.

I T may be interesting reading to many people, but I confess I am getting tired of this Dundonald business. If Lord Dundonald is not being handed out a little more than his share of Canadian applause, what a rip-roaring welcome we should have given Aylesworth and Jette when they returned after fighting this country's battle against Lord Alverstone and the Yankee representatives on the Alaska boundary tribunal. A banquet at the King Edward was the size of the popular recognition of Mr. Aylesworth's services, and he, rather than exalt himself and what he had done, chose in his speech to minimize the sinuosities of diplomacy by which Canada was tricked into accepting the Commission, and flimflammed by the award. Had Mr. Aylesworth chosen, at the banquet given him on his return, to play the part of the gentlemanly firebrand, Canada, the Empire and the United States could have easily been embroiled in a most heated controversy—a controversy, even as it was, that will not soon be forgotten. I regret to think that Dundonald has not shown as much self-restraint nor made equal sacrifice to promote peace. Mr. Aylesworth could have made himself the lion of the hour, had his chariot haulled about the streets by young men for a week if he had so desired, and made himself the central figure of a new and for the time an overwhelming movement in Canadian politics. He chose the better part and showed himself the greater man.

The crowds that saw Dundonald off at Ottawa and welcomed him in Montreal demonstrated a popularity won in South Africa rather than in Canada, and I am afraid, when he returns, as it is said he proposes to do shortly, he will find the people talking about something else and unlikely to make the same tremendous efforts to touch the hem of his garment. Evidently restrained by his instructions to

despatch also says that "the stork is expected any day now." It would seem at this distance that if the stork started out with a boy baby in his beak, boy baby it will be, prayers or no prayers, priests or no priests; and if, as on the other four trips, the stork started out with a girl baby, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that he will go back and pick a child of a different sex out of the bunch because of the intercessions of Father John of Cronstadt or the royal supplicant.

D ID you ever notice a woman going about with an occasional hook which was astray from its eye, or feel an impulse to tell some man you meet to keep his clothes buttoned up? There are some people whose shoe-laces are continually dragging, and if they have strings about them anywhere they are always untied. In mental and commercial habits the number of business slovens who neglect their work, leave it half done, or by putting it off let the job get so mouldy as to be not worth attention, is much greater than one can appreciate who does not occasionally handle the work of such botches, sluggards and triflers. Ask the head of any department of a considerable business, and he will confess that ninety per cent. of his troubles are caused by people who never have any better explanation than "I didn't know it would make any difference," "I thought this was good enough," or "Why didn't you tell me how you wanted it done?" These departmental chiefs will tell you that they invariably instruct their clerks and subordinates how things should be done, that everything must be done promptly, exactly, and, most of all, completed; yet it makes little difference—slouches slouch over their work still; just enough is done in an important matter to lead the maul in charge to believe that it has been attended to, while the remainder of the task is left unfinished and trouble is the result.

There is always a right way and a wrong way to do everything, and if one notices, the easy-going and the flighty they are almost certain to take the wrong way. It is bad enough to find those about you are completely lacking in initiative but, understanding this, one expects but little original cleverness. It is when the executive details get all mixed up that the man in charge of several departments or a number of people is driven nearly crazy. Men in these responsible positions wear out very quickly, not in doing

because it hurts me, except in the shape of an occasional nausea, but because I like to see a fair deal all round. Perhaps, too, I feel a certain amount of unseemly satisfaction in seeing my prediction coming true, that a cable service subsidized by the Government would probably never hear of anything to the disadvantage of the Administration.

THE Government's proposed amendments to the Inland Revenue Act are intended to knock the Anglo-American Tobacco Trust, which in this country has been trying with altogether too much success to kill competition by forcing retailers to sign a contract to sell their goods exclusively. If a dealer refuses to sign the contract, or signs it and sells goods manufactured outside of the Trust, he is not only refused all the lines which the Trust controls, but is in danger of having another store either across the road or next door turned into a competitive and handsomely appointed tobacco shop, selling goods under cost, with the idea of killing his trade. Following are the new amendments: "Any license authorized by this act may be cancelled in any case where a person, who, being a manufacturer of any class of goods subject to a duty of excise, either directly or indirectly (a) makes a sale of any such goods to a person who sells or intends to sell goods of that class in connection with his own business, subject to the condition that the purchaser shall not sell or deal in goods of a like kind produced by or obtained or to be obtained from any other manufacturer or dealer, or (b) makes such sale upon terms that would in their application deprive the purchaser of any profit upon the sale of such goods, if they should so sell or deal, or (c) consigns any such goods to another person for sale upon commission upon such terms that the consignee can profit by such sale only if he does not sell or deal in goods of a like manner manufactured by or obtained or to be obtained from any other manufacturer or dealer."

I was reminded the other day of the existence of certain unjust restrictions of trade insisted upon by the Tobacco Trust, when I enquired in three of our best shops for a certain brand of cigarettes, and was finally told that they were not permitted to keep them. Somewhat shamefacedly one of them confessed that the Tobacco Company did not allow them to carry any goods not controlled by the Trust. I told one of them I thought he was in business on his own account, and had made money. "Of course," he said, "this is my business, but I have to sign a contract, you know, in order to get the goods I want. I don't like it a little bit, and I hear the Government is going to do something to help us out." The measure I have quoted appears to be an honest effort on the part of the Government to free the tobacco retailers from the preposterous tyranny of the tobacco lords. Of course I would not buy any cigarettes except the ones the Trust had forbidden, and as a matter of fact I had not smoked cigarettes for a great many years until the W. C. T. U. started their preposterous crusade for the absolute prohibition of tobacco in one of its least harmful forms. Tobacco in no shape is good for boys; the inhaling of cigarette smoke by growing lads is baleful, demoralizing and degenerating, and possibly a man would live just as long and be almost as happy if he left the weed alone. Who knows? Women would live just as long if they left tea alone, and would doubtless be a great deal healthier; it is quite certain that if they left flowers and feathers out of their hats and bought dresses at five dollars apiece, and shoes at one-fifty per pair, they would not die any quicker, though they might be much more miserable, and would probably spend even more time than they waste now trying to think of something to force men to quit. They can do no good, however, by agitating for laws treating men as if they were fool boys. Babies sometimes get their food and drink "down the wrong road," but no law needs to be passed forbidding men to inhale their food or to prevent women from sucking tea into their lungs.

LONDON "Truth," which for many years and at an expense of tens of thousands of pounds has been conducting a fierce campaign against swindlers of all kinds, tipsters, usurers, begging letter writers, bogus charities, employment sharks, quacks, etc., in the last issue which came to hand had the following paragraph: "I see, by the way, from the current issue of the 'Pharmaceutical Journal' that an attempt is to be made in the United States to deal with the advertising quack of the Pointing type. The Post-Office Department at Washington has declared its intention of opening a campaign against the use of the mails for proprietary articles of a questionable nature. Official orders are to be issued against all medicines the vendors of which make promises of extravagant cures which are incapable of fulfilment. Then the newspapers and magazines containing the advertisements of articles so barred will also be stopped in the post. One result will, I am afraid, be merely the appearance on this side of the Atlantic of a new set of quacks of the McLaughlin and Dr. Kidd type, for in view of the action recently taken by the police in Germany in regard to these pests there will soon be left no other place but England where the quack may plunder the unfortunate sufferer not only in peace but with the approbation of a

benign Government and with the approval of a Press which shares in the 'swag.'"

How are the postal authorities and the newspapers of Canada treating the public in this matter? Everything seems to go that the most blatant quacks see fit to write and pay for having printed in the newspapers. Every day the Toronto papers, which may be taken as a sample of those of the Dominion, offend by publishing advertisements descriptive of cures made by medicines or treatments which can appeal only to the ignorant, unwise, or those so desperately ill that they are an easy prey to quacks. Nearly every Saturday in all the dailies and in some of the weekly papers the reader has been confronted with the following extravagantly displayed heading over a two-column article:

RESCUED ON WAY TO GRAVE;
PROFESSOR STOPS FUNERAL;
RESTORES WOMAN TO LIFE.

DOES HE POSSESS DIVINE POWER?

Woman Threatened with Burial Is Revived by This Man's Mysterious Mastery Over Disease.

MOST PHENOMENAL MIRACLE OF THE AGE.

Without the Use of Drastic Drugs, Medicines, or the Surgeon's Knife He Defeats Death and Restores Life and Health to Suffering Mankind.

COMPLETELY UPSSETS MODERN MEDICAL PRACTICE.
Gives Services to Rich and Poor Alike Without Charge—Cures Men and Women Thousands of Miles Away as Surely as Those Who Call in Person.

May I ask if any of the newspaper proprietors who are receiving pay for publishing this have ever made the slightest effort to discover the bona fides of the advertiser? If they have not, do they esteem themselves free from scarcity or a doubtful play on words by enquiring in large type, "Does he possess divine power?" I know nothing of the truth or falsity of the statements made in the heading and the body of the advertisement which so continually confronts me, but I do know that if the phrases were used in the ordinary way it would mean that a woman was stopped on her way to interment as the funeral was in progress, and that the "professor" by restoring the woman's life practically raised the dead. These allegations of miracles are beyond the credence of all except those I specified before as being so desperately ill that they will catch at straws. Without having written to the "professor" I am quite positive that all this money spent in advertising, and much more, must find its way back to him in some shape, though the heading says he "gives services to rich and poor alike without charge." To those who publish and read this advertisement I commend the article reprinted from London "Truth" also to the Postmaster-General, whose attention is hereby directed to this class of advertising. Is it to disseminate this sort of thing that the newspapers are carried practically free through the mails, while the postal authorities of several other countries are refusing to carry at any price papers and magazines advertising "medicines the vendors of which make promises of extravagant cures which are incapable of fulfilment"?

THE dozen petitions that have been presented to the Council, exactly similar in all respects except the signatures, indicate the strenuous effort that is being put forth to have the Carnegie Library located on College street. After making this remark, the "Telegram" enquires, "Does this petition passing indicate zeal for the public benefit or zeal for the sale of College street real estate?" I quote this paragraph to remind the dear reader that others than myself believe the real estate grifter is out for some of old man Carnegie's money. Just as soon as the graft can be made big enough and its division harmoniously arranged the site will probably be selected.

ST. LOUIS, MO., has no doubt heard with pain that things have been said about it in a Vienna newspaper likely to make both it and the Mississippi unpopular in select Austrian circles. The "special envoy of the 'Neue Wiener Tagblatt,'" as he is described in his despatch, must have announced himself thus and been treated accordingly, for to him the Mississippi is a mudhole, and St. Louis a gigantic village, where accidents "are as numerous as the sands of the seashore," and where "the bushwhackers lower and make a promenade that is dangerous to life." St. Louis is by no means a good imitation of heaven, but it is hardly as bad as this.

IT is announced in a despatch from that city that "the police have gone in to stamp out the Sunday sale of ice-cream and soda-water in Brantford." During this hot weather the Brantford police might very well take a rest if they have no more serious task than chasing after a few people who are trying to earn a few honest dimes in helping their customers to keep cool. The "stamping out" of the sale of soda-water and ice-cream, generally conducted in small places by old maids, widows and unfortunate people, who thus try to eke out a living, seems like trying to kill a mosquito with a trip-hammer. The police and people generally sometimes get fruitfully fussy when trying to show how good they are.

GENERAL BOOTH is reported to have bought the Island of Anticosti from Menier of chocolate fame, who, after spending a couple of million dollars improving his property, has become tired of it. The idea of running a colonization enterprise may be a good one, but the climate and possibilities of Anticosti are hardly suited to the people who would come under the head of rescue work in large British cities. The Salvation Army is one of the world's strongest forces for the uplifting of those who have fallen very low, but as colonists or colonizers they may not prove so successful, and it would be a pity to have any of their energies taken from the sum work in which they have accomplished so much, to have it wasted trying to populate a rather inhospitable island.

HERO-WORSHIP is a form of romanticism to which we are all inclined. The most prosaic and laborious lives, altogether unrelieved by contact with the beautiful and sentimental, sometimes develop with startling suddenness a passionate hunger for the unusual, the unreal, possibly the unnatural. I have seen in criminal courts farm wives, past their youth, with shoulders stooped with toil and hands hardened with unlovely tasks, arraigned for the murder of a husband, whose place was to be filled by an unattractive and uneducated hired man who had filled the woman's starved soul and brightened her dulled eyes with a glimpse of passionate romance. The slavey in the kitchen, the tired apprentice in his garret, even the gray-haired laborer in his cottage, turn to penny romances when one would think their weariness would have inclined them to turn into bed.

A clever editorial in the "Star," speaking of the enormous attendance and unbound enthusiasm at the Scholes reception—the procession itself was a rather weak feature—says that of the 75,000 people who witnessed it fully half were women anxious to see an athlete who had won a notable victory against the picked men of the world. "In an age," the "Star" says, "when men begin to show baldness at thirty, take on corpulence at thirty-five, and after being shut in offices all day doze on verandas in the evenings from heavy feeding—in an age when men discard all attractive color from their dress, all gallantry from their speech, all valor from their pursuits—it is not surprising that women, with their imaginations unfed, turn for solace to works of fiction, and crowd the streets when a famed soldier rides through town or a champion athlete is welcomed home."

"There never lived a woman who had not her ideal of man. There never was an age in which men so completely stripped themselves of every aid that would make them appeal to the romantic imagination. They wear no gay plumage. They submerge themselves in business. They read little but market reports. If they have physical courage they exercise it not. When they travel it is to capture a distant dollar. They expose themselves to no peril save when they risk appendicitis by eating grapes."

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it. But that it is a bad thing for the race we shall not go the length of saying."

Quite true. What is the use of trying to say it differently when it has been well said? Possibly the writer might have followed his philosophizing to the effect this hero-worship has upon the multitude. In a vast concourse of people enthusiasm is as contagious as smallpox, and when the adulation of the assembly is directed to an unworthy object it is more deadly. An hour of mad enthusiasm for a man who has done something which should not have been done, or accomplished by chicanery what he could not do honestly, may do more to set the community wrong than all the preaching, teaching and writing, in churches, schools and newspapers, can set right in a year. A bad book, a base editorial, a foolish speech, has the same bad effect to a much more limited extent, and those who assume responsibilities in getting up demonstrations or directing the impulses of the people in any way should bear in mind that it is not given to any of us to tell into what ground such seed as we sow may fall, or what noxious growth may be the result.

Fortunately the people of this country are not in the habit of making demonstrations in honor of men devoid of honor or ignoble in their achievements. Lord Dundonald, for instance, naturally and properly aroused enthusiasm by his personal attractiveness, his distinguished bearing and his splendid record as a soldier. However, going about this province, we are told by the party newspapers, there is a member of the Legislature who draws large crowds to hear his explanation or defense of conduct so utterly base that one recalls the conduct of Judas as a pleasant contrast. The influence of this man, whom curious crowds flock to hear, must be bad, for his proper place is at the unclean end of a dung-fork. Demonstrations made by violent partisans have frequently as their object men whose deeds should be reproved by every right-thinking citizen, and to a city given to great parades and sometimes to much ado about nothing, a suggestion of not overdoing any sort of thing is always in order.

OF the Scholes demonstration, it may be said that for spontaneity and whole-hearted welcome it could not have been beaten, while the one in whose honor it was arranged was in every way worthy. He enquired of one of his many interviewers, "Say, how on earth can people be so enthusiastic just over a little bit of rowing, anyhow?" There were thousands and thousands of people who cheered him lustily on Monday who did not care a dime about rowing, but did care very much to see and honor the young chap who worked so hard and so successfully to win a prize which in direct money value, it not remaining permanently in his possession, is trivial. He was honored because he did something mighty hard to do, something that did credit not only to himself, but to his city and country, for Canadians are proud to have him to point to as a type of our race. He is honored because he is a modest and well-behaved young man, brought up in sporting circles amidst unusual temptations, with the too little prized blessings of a good father and mother, though one of the few saddening features of it to the father is perhaps that the boy's mother did not live to see the honor which sturdy manhood has brought to her two sons. Mr. John F. Scholes, a powerful athlete of more than Canadian reputation, must have thought of this when he was called upon to speak. "I thank you all from the bottom of my heart," said he, "for the reception you have given my boy. I am gratified to see so many people turn out to acknowledge his efforts to do honor to Canada and his own native city of Toronto." This father of two athletic champions must have felt unspeakably proud, as he has reason to be, and the sons must have felt proud of the sire, as they have reason to be. If the young fellows of Toronto learn the real lesson of the demonstration they will see in it how splendid a thing it is to make a father's heart glow with pride in his sons. It is unnecessary to go further. If the demonstration has the effect of making even a few careless lads think how really grand a thing it would be to do something honorable so well as to make their parents and their fellow citizens proud of them, it may provide us with material for many demonstrations in the future. Of one such we are already sure; that to Private Perry, who won the King's prize at Bisley, and is now the crack shot of the British Empire. This other Torontonian born and trained here will soon return, and then the town will have to "holler" some more.

Social and Personal.

The engagement of Mr. Arthur Gowen Strathy and Miss Margaret Cleary is announced. Their marriage is, I understand, to take place in October. Miss Cleary was down for the Strathy-Kirkpatrick wedding last month, at which she was an admired guest.

Mr. Morton Jones left last week for a vacation trip to Winnipeg and the West.

Lord Dundonald, Captain Newton and Mr. McAlister sailed by the "Tunisian" on Friday for England. Lady Elizabeth Cochrane will occupy Crichton Lodge, Ottawa until the expiry of the lease held by Lord Dundonald.

Mrs. and Miss Louie Janes left this week for Murray Bay, Miss Janes is spending the summer abroad.

Miss Langmuir and Mrs. G. P. Magann are returning from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis sailed for England yesterday by the s.s. "Canada."

Mr. Norman Duncan, "Varsity '95, and a classmate of the late James Tucker, the lamented member of "Saturday Night" staff, has opened up a new field in fiction—the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador—a field the New York "Times" Saturday Review says: "At the present moment Norman Duncan is the best-advertised of all writers of fiction. Even Joseph Conrad takes second place. Frank Bullen ranks Duncan with Conrad and Kipling as a writer of sea tales; Dr. Robertson Nicoll calls him 'an English Pierre Loti' and 'a mystic of the unfathomable depths.' The firm of publishers who are to bring out in this country early in the autumn Duncan's first novel, 'Dr. Luke of the Labrador,' are distributing samples of the work, neatly printed and illustrated. Nine of the thirty-one chapters are thus circulated, and as the story is also being published serially, Duncan as a novelist will be a subject of much conversation long before his first novel reaches the dignity of book form. As many of our readers must know, Norman Duncan, who is still a young man in the thirties, is Professor of Rhetoric and English in the Washington and Jefferson University at Washington, Penn."

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Miss Birdie Warren is visiting Mrs. Simpson Denison in Muskoka.

I hear that Captain Elmsley of the R.C.D. had a nasty knock on the knee from a mallet during the polo match last week which has laid him up for some days.

Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden has gone to England and will, I hear, visit his native Isle of Man, an ideal holiday resort at this season, if one eschews Douglas, with its swarms of "cotton dollys" and Lancashire lads, who come "tripping" by hundreds to the lovely little island every August.

The sweetest possible weather was vouchsafed for the Scholes welcome home on Monday, which was seen at its best from the deck of a yacht, and was so enjoyed to the uttermost by "a beauty party" taken out on the "Corona" by G. E. Maguire. The prettiest girls were Miss Worum, Miss Doherty, Miss Rita Murray, Miss Mona Murray and Miss Kathleen Murray of Rosedale, who were chaperoned by a married friend and cavaliered by Mr. MacDougall, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. F. Stanley Morrison, Mr. McGregor and the genial host. After meeting the "Corona" the "Dream"



SOCIETY

The midsummer regatta and At Home of the Argonaut Rowing Club will doubtless remain a feature of the summer season. If one might predict from the experience of last Saturday, when, in spite of a wet day, there was a very successful affair at the club house. The rain ceased about 5 o'clock, and the wind happened to be in the north the club house balcony never even got a spangle, while the air was delightfully soft and cool. There were about one hundred guests at the club who vastly enjoyed the pleasant experience of having plenty of room to dance, a perfect floor, and the best of music, and they kept it up merrily till after ten o'clock. The prize tankards won by the four were presented by one of the chaperones at the dance, after a little speech by "Daddy Bob Mackay," of the Argonauts, called the captain of the club. Refreshments were served all afternoon in the gym, and were unusually nice, also perhaps because of the absence of the usual impatient crowd, all wanting ice cream and sandwiches at once. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones of Chicago are in town, and once more the charming face of the pretty matron shone with the success of the night before, when she cooked for her brother, Captain Barker. Mrs. Catherine Worum, and her niece, Miss Doherty, Mr. J. P. Murray brought their handsome daughters Rita and Mona, and one of Mr. Jack Murray's daughters, a very stunning little maid in white serge and deep red ribbons. Miss Jeannette Dalton, Miss Brown, and Miss Gladys were at the dance. One exceedingly pretty young matron wore a dainty white mill and Valenciennes dress and large black picture hat. Miss Helen Milligan of Bromley House, Miss M. Perry, Miss McIntosh, Miss Dallas, Miss Morgan, the Misses Violet and Archie Towner, Miss Fisher, were a few of the graceful and pretty girls present, and among the men were Mr. Heron, Mr. P. Murray, Mr. Norm Perry, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Frank S. Morrison, R.C.D. Mr. A. J. Kerr, Mr. Wright, Captain Barker, Mr. Grubbe, Mr. Darrell, Mr. A. W. Boulbee, Mr. Ryer, Mr. MacIntosh, Mr. Miln, and Mr. Oldfield. During the afternoon a most interesting handicap race was rowed between three eight-oared crews and a four-oared which gave spectators a sight almost quite new to three eight-oared boats. Later on another eight-oar from the Toronto Rowing Club came by, and was given three hearty cheers by the Argonauts' guests and members. Their rowing was remarkably good.

Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere and their family returned from France on Monday, and are again residents at La Futade, their home in Jarvis street.

Mrs. O'Hara has taken rooms at 39 Grosvenor street. Miss Kathleen O'Hara is visiting friends in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lee are going up to Muskoka to-day to visit Mrs. Lee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Playfair, at their island.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony H. Crease are settled in their new home, the former residence of Mr. and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, in Huron street. Mrs. Crease will shortly go on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Montgomery, in the Eastern Townships, and Mr. Crease will also take a holiday there later on.

The Misses Westcott of London are visiting Mrs. Price of Deer Park.

Mrs. Pipon is at Niagara-on-the Lake. Mr. and Miss Evelyn Cox spent a few days there, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones spent Tuesday at Buffalo and Niagara, and have gone to Montreal and Kingston for some days, returning for the St. Catharines regatta next week.

Miss Edith Harman has been spending some time with Mrs. Schoenberger at Rice Lake and returned to Toronto recently.

Captain Duncan Campbell, D.S.O., Boer War, who was the youngest captain in the Imperial service, a Simon man and a nephew of Mr. Barlow Cumberland, is to contest Mid-Lanark, as Unlions candidate in the next general elections.

Mr. McGregor of Montreal is taking a course at Stanley Barracks. As he is a tall young fellow of course he at once met his fate in the way of nicknames, being "wee McGregor" from the word go.

Some time ago Mr. Charles Allen Johnston purchased a building site in Rosedale, and his new home will, I hear, be completed this fall. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Johnston are occupying the Langton residence in Dundas road.

On Sunday a feature of the hot weather was the open-air services held outside some of the city churches. A small organ, an impromptu choir and seats for the congregation was a new one on the passenger.

Mrs. E. P. Smith and daughter, Mrs. C. Falconer Miles, Miss M. L. F. Miles of Buffalo, Mrs. George M. Rinch, Miss Margaret Rinch of Rat Portage, Mrs. Thomas Natt, Miss Natt of Cleve-land, Mr. C. D. Maughan, Mrs. R. Greenwood of Toronto, are among recent registrations at the Welland, St. Catharines.

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sailed back to Thorncliffe and tea was served, the chaperone afterwards entertaining some of the young people at dinner at McColl's.

The marriage of Dr. M. McKelhan of Chester, East Toronto, and Miss Amy Brandon, daughter of Mr. James Brandon of Beverley street, will take place next Tuesday.

They are having the usual high jinks and fun at the suburban summer resorts. As usual there were funny events, masquerading most cleverly. Last week the kiddies had their annual hop at the I. A. A. hall at Center Island. The usual Friday night hop for the older members of the Island colony was enjoyable for dancing, but too cold to tempt city folk over in an evening. On Monday evening the fortnightly dinner and dance at the Yacht Club is on. A nice little party enjoyed an excellent fish dinner at Mrs. Meyer's the other evening. A few veranda teas and beach parties have varied the peaceful monotony of Center and East Island. After a good meal and specialties attract the usual crowd to the beach. It was a fearless sight on Monday afternoon to watch the big double-decker bring the Hanlan crowd past the "Corona," for the ferry was careening so that it looked as if it would roll over any moment. However, the "rubber" will have relieved most apprehensions, and it would have been more than natural for doubt as to the usefulness of Malt Extract in weakness and nervous diseases, provided you use Malt Extract, carefully and honestly made from Barley Malt.

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A Queer Letter.

The American Blower Company, Detroit, recently advertised for a cook for the restaurant they are about commencing for the benefit of the fifty odd members of their office and factory force. Among the many applications received, one is so unique that they consider its humor worth sharing. It reads as follows:

"Detroit, Mich., February 26, '04. City Dear Mum: Please Miss I send the advertisement in the paper where you wanted one servant lady. Please miss is the world not full of servants but I will do my best at it mun."

I never was brought up in the city so I dont know much about cooking, but I'll do my best. Please Mum give me the job for I need it bad. I was married but I will do my best at it mun."

Now aint that a shame mum. However I feel this way there are lots of us in the world but your kind wishes for me welfare. Good by Mum, Ans. quick. Yours truly, Mary."

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Full information at G. T. R. ticket office, north west corner King and Yonge streets.

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THE CRUISE O' CUPID

From the Log of Harold Brooks.
Carcost.By
Gordon Rogers(Registered in Accordance with the
Copyright Act.)

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—III.

Harold Brooks and Jimmy Carew are on their way to the racing meet of the American Canoe Association, when the latter finds a locket containing a woman's miniature. Near the village of Home Creek, Brooks gives the girl a gift—a small up-to-date skiff. The man with her—Algeron Cholmondeley Potts—is an Englishman of unpleasant type, who is again upset by Jimmy's canoe, while the girl, Bessie Moore, and Jimmy enjoy his discomfort.

CHAPTER IV.

The Girl in the Locket.

Well, mamma had a rattling chance—and she took it adroitly, through her glasses—of observing what a "robust appetite" her prospective son-in-law possessed; and perhaps she reflected upon what an expensive luxury he would be around the house after marriage if his labor under should go out on a long strike and he should seek the merciful roof during the campaign. Yet, when I plucked up courage half an hour later to suggest that we should cut the dinner out and tear ourselves away, Jimmy had the nerve to say that he thought it would be hardly safe for us to set out upon a long, hard paddle on the strength of luncheon, and that the means would be the end.

"Of course the end just then was that he and Bessie went off for a turn in his craft on the bay, as she was anxious to make good her blue-and-white plique-yachting-suit dare; and mamma, beaming on them as they went off, a very handsome pair, urged me to excuse her while she took her customary siesta. And so the long August Roman afternoon came and went, and dinner came and went; and we all sat together on the verandah once more and talked, as the August twilight merged into moonlit night. Bessie had changed for dinner into a heliotrope moonstone de soie gown, and looked deliciously pale and sweet, not only to the eye of Mr. James Carew, but also that of Mr. A. Cholmondeley Potts, who had insinuated himself once more into the conversational circle and was apparently tolerated for the sake of harmony and to have no recollection of the girl's chaff there; and I slyly suspected that Potts wore the expression of a gentle virtue which he did not at the moment possess.

I said to Jimmy that his "fine moon" was now in evidence, and reminded him of his suggestion at luncheon that we might make an early after-dinner start. He remained diplomatically mute, like a dismounted gun in a fort; but Bessie said:

"The idea! How could you make an early start at this late hour? Besides, it would be positively dangerous to go by Blood Rock at night."

"Blood Rock?" I echoed, but thinking how fast the water was making the night look like broad day.

"Yes. Blood Rock is a perpendicular place at the mouth of the river and head of Bellamy Lake. It is barely a mile from here as the crow flies, but three miles by river, which is very serpentine. The direct passage into the lake is a very narrow one, and goes by Blood Rock."

"And why is it called Blood Rock?" I asked.

"A tragedy was enacted there, I believe. What is the story, Mr. Potts?"

"Two chaps, Rubie Fuller and Jake Blood, had a row and a mill one night in Rome, three years ago," said the skipper, "and Fuller got the short end, you know. The other chap, Blood, left the village late in his skiff, for his house on Bellamy Lake. But he didn't get home, and the skiff was found next morning floating bottom up in the lake. The water was dragged, and Blood's body was found near the Rock with a big bruise on the head."

The Coroner had returned a verdict of death by accidental drowning, but the thing got talked about, and the Government sent a clever detective chap here, and Fuller was arrested on a charge of murder laid by the Crown. The case went to the Assizes, you know, and the Grand Jury returned a true bill. The prosecution claimed that Fuller had thrown a stone from the top of Blood Rock with intent to kill Blood. But the Petty Jury returned a verdict of 'not guilty.' They thought the evidence against Fuller wasn't circumstantial enough, you know. Fuller's counsel, a rather sharp fellow named Gannon, of Gannanock, made a name for himself as a clever lawyer out of that case, particularly as the judge charged pretty strongly against Fuller, you know. Gannon had a scientific chap in the box to prove

that the rock could have done for Blood without Fuller's being there at all. I forgot what he said was the matter with the rock—some beastly long name he gave it."

"Geological, disintegration, perhaps," said mamma. "The rock is gray limestone. I believe."

"Well, it seemed to strike the jury as a good thing," said Mr. Potts. "Perhaps it was just the scientific terms that impressed them, as they were only a lot of farmers and mechanics, you know. Fuller left the village soon after his discharge, and those of course, people who hadn't opened their mouths before you know, said they believed he had killed Blood. And no doubt he had, because he had left Rome the night of the row, breathing vengeance against Blood, and wasn't able to prove a decent alibi, though his people perjured themselves in his defense. There was my first criminal record," added Mr. Potts with an air.

"I reported it for my papers, you know." Mamma readjusted her glasses, and the eyes of Cholmondeley Potts glistened exultantly. "Now, mamma," said Jimmy, who was partly in shadow, "I've got the locket and detached it from the ring. To me the burnished gold gleamed wickedly in the moonlight, as if charged with the mischief that lurked in the blue eyes it concealed. I opened the case and held it toward mamma."

"The moonlight, I am afraid, is not sufficiently clear for a critical view of such a thing," said Mr. Brooks has insinuated the locket contained said mamma, in a tone beautifully bland.

"Perhaps the artificial light would be best, mamma," said Bessie, in a slightly strained voice.

"Jimmy rose. "Let us step into the hall," he said. "Possibly you may recognize the face in the locket, and so help me, I'll tell you."

"We went in and stood under the lamp. Mamma turned the locket slowly in her fingers, examining the case. Then she turned the mild but penetrating searchlight of her orbs upon the face within. Her gaze rested upon it critically for some seconds of time. The big clock in the hall audibly struck the hour. Her eyes were raised to Jimmy's phiz. She seemed to look through him this time, with a reminiscing but refrigerating eye, as by a delicate evolutionary process of articulation, she graduated from the dulce "Ah!" "Hm!" to bronchial yet significantly interrogative "Ahem!" that Jimmy misunderstood.

"She's hardly my style, you know," he answered, with a pleasant smile that revealed how white and even were his teeth. "What's your opinion?"

"A beautiful face, Mr. Carew; a very beautiful, bold face." Mamma's tone was perfectly even, but there was ice in it. "I am quite unable, however, to identify him. And she handed the trinket back to Mr. Potts.

"Aw! She's rather a beauty, eh?" said Cholmondeley Potts, who had stood in the door. "I say, by Jove, I wonder who could have lost it, don't you know?" He glanced at Bessie, and with a laugh peculiarly Pottsonian turned back to the verandah.

Jimmy smiled slightly, and held the lock out to Bessie Moore. "Have a look," he said lightly.

"I am not very curious," she said coldly, and seemed to withdraw into her embroidered shawl.

Then Jimmy suddenly stiffened, his brows knit, and the rich blood glowed through his tan.

"My dear!" said mamma, with a look.

Bessie took the locket and glanced at the miniature with seeming indifference in her big brown eyes. But in that glance she raked the blue-eyed maiden from red-gold hair to dimpled chin.

"I quite agree with mamma," she said, handing the locket to Jim, and turned and went out.

Jimmy seemed to hesitate. Then his brown eyes, a kindly little smile lit his dark face, and with a bow he turned smartly on his heel and followed Bessie Moore.

"I don't quite understand," I said, though I thought I did very well.

"I am not to suppose that you have thought for a moment that Jimmy didn't find the locket, Mrs. Moore?"

"Most assuredly you are not, Mr. Brooks. How can you yourself suggest the idea?" she said. "Mr. Carew is, of course, a gentleman."

There was a touch of asperity and haughtiness in her tone, a certain sarcasm in her voice. I bowed. She passed out of the verandah and I followed the steps. I followed him.

"I am sure that if the beauty of the rector's blonde daughter is only one-half as fascinating as that of the blonde whose likeness Jimmy has in a locket on his chain, she would be too dangerous a flame for a poor little wretched to approach." And, in the silence that ensued, we heard the guttural basso of a de Reszke frog in the bay, and it sounded as pianissimo as a wooden-legged man falling down four flights of stairs at two a.m. James Whitcomb Riley sings:

"In fact, to speak in earnest,
I believe, it adds a charm
To spite the gods a trifle
With a little dash of harm."

Now, I hadn't wanted to do James Carew any harm by my reminiscence.

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be awaiting some response to his call. "Quite enough to send me farther than the street," he retorted, pounding the boat-house again. "When I mentioned the garden party, she said she did not care for it, as it was now too late. I said in that case you and I should make a start, and she said 'Good-bye!' Now, I wonder where Giggs hangs out."

We retraced our steps to the hotel. The verandah seemed to be deserted now. Gus, the blase dispenser of beverages, told us, over some bottled beer, that Giggs "hung out" in the hotel, but that he had driven some of the hotel guests to the garden party, and doubtless had the boat-house key with him.

"Doubtless, too," I said, consolingly, as we walked out of the bar, "when she said 'good-bye' so readily she knew very well that the boat-house was locked up and that we couldn't make a start to-night. I daresay she saw Giggs, as I did, when he drove off from the hotel after dinner with his fares."

Giggs returned to the boat-house. As he passed he struck the boy, knocking him off the float and into the bay.

He swam for the shore by the wharf, and Jimmy, with an eye for the stunned and strong boy, raced toward him through the plaid bar at high speed.

Jimmy employs the Trudegan stroke, which he swims beautifully with a long sweep and a good run.

As I climbed the bank, Potts was

viewed with awe the succession of long curves of J's superb muscular form as he stripped and slipped into a black silk swimming suit, and the juvenile gaze followed admiringly the athlete's Titanic plunge off the float and the rhythmic strokes that carried the swimmer swiftly out into the bay.

The wharf lay nearer than the boat-house or the bar. The road from the boat-house ran along the high bank and just beyond the wharf, I was swimming near to the wharf, and Jimmy was many yards obliquely out from the boat-house, when the boy gave a cry of alarm. He was dancing about on the float, waving his arms.

"Hi, there!" he piped, shrilly. "Dood Potts's goin' through your clothes!"

The tall figure of "Dood" Potts dashed through the doorway of the boat-house. As he passed he struck the boy, knocking him off the float and into the bay.

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TOKYO

coming at tip-top time down the road, his long legs fairly twinkling. I raced for him, and stooped, with a low tackle in mind. But Potts had played Rugby during his callow days in Kent. As I reached for him, he leaned over and swung a long arm viciously, like the man in the poem "sabring the gunners there. His big-boned fist caught me over the eye, and I went down the bank.

I had a glimpse, ere I sank into temporary oblivion, of some villagers running toward the wharf, and of a bronzed and glistening athlete looming large over the horizon of the bank above me, running like a ship before the wind, with chest extended and a long, strong stride. And I knew that Retribution was on tap at last.

CHAPTER VI.

The Gossip of Giggs.

When my senses got around to do business at the old stand about the way a sleepy apprentice deer, the villagers, and police corps and all, had apparently gone along in the merry chase. The wounded had to take care of themselves; and in a listless fashion, for the bells in my belfry were all ringing and out of tune, I lagged back to the boat-house.

"Dood Potts must've 'sneaked in,'" said the boy, who was drying out his garments on the boat-house roof. "I heard a jinglin' sound, like keys, and something drop; an' I looked round, and there was Dood Potts in the boat-house, at Mr. Carew's clothes. Mr. Carew's pants and belt, with a chain in it was lying on the floor, and the hood of his coat was hanging bright. His hand, like gold, that was looking away. The sun come through the window where he had climbed in I guess, and shined on it. I jumped up and ses 'Look out there!' I ses, an' he looks round and ses 'Hell!' and closes his hand on the shiny thing, and wiggles a finger fer me to come in. I ses 'Leave them things alone,' they ain't yours! If you don't, I'll sell!" Nen he held up a plunk, an' I spose he swiped it. Fr' he never offered me one before, an' I never see him with one. I yelled then, and the Dood come pikin' out, an' swatted me over the lug, an' I was in the boat house, in it full o' stars. But Mr. Carew was coming in, like out of three. He took the boat-house, I guess, and he fished me out, an' when ses I was all right, he lit up the road after the Dood. Gee! but he can swim. An' run, too! Potts can run, you bet, but I guess Mr. Carew 'll nail him all right. An' nen—say, I wouldn't like to be Dood Potts, big an' all, No, sirree bob! Though he thinks he's just John Jeffries with the bones. But he struck me, the big John lobster! Say, what did he want pokin' around Mr. Carew's clothes for, anyway?"

There could be no doubt on that point. While the boy was talking I had looked at the ring on the end of his fingers, and the chain of his steel chain. The locket was not there.

As I was leisurely making a more careful toilet than my rag-time one of an hour before, now having breakfast at the Roman House in mind, Tommy Giggs appeared. He had the latest war news. Potts had crossed the bridge at the mill, taking the Johnnie's Falls road, with Mr. Carew hot-foot on his trail.

(To be continued.)

Miss Helen Gould.

Miss Helen Gould, on June 20, was thirty-six years old. She is a small, sweet-faced, dark-haired young woman, unassuming, yet with a gracious dignity of her own. Her speech is quiet and not at all assertive. Miss Gould is not a sentimental giver; there is no promiscuous clarity, all her good works being on a sound business basis. It is better to give than receive, for the sum of about ten millions of dollars. Miss Gould took a course in law at the University of New York Law School, but did not graduate because she feared the publicity of it. She spends half of each year at "Lyndhurst," her country place at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. Miss Gould is one of the six children of the late Jay Gould. Her brothers George J. and Edwin are older than she, and her sisters Howard and Frank and her sister Anna, Countess of Castellane, are younger.

An Artist in Trouble.

Howard Chandler Christy was defendant before Magistrate Whitman in Yorkville Police Court, New York, the other day, on a charge of having preferred to James Cagney, a cabman, who appeared in court with both eyes blackened and his face bruised, the result of a fight on a ferry-boat. According to the cabman's story, Christy and a friend were in an automobile. Christy was amusing himself by tooting the horn, which caused the cabman's horse to plunge. He remonstrated Christy, told him to "stop it!" The cabby showed fight, and Christy and his friend made a football out of him on the deck of the ferry-boat. Christy struck him in the face, knocking him down and blacking his eyes, while both men kicked him. Christy was, however, discharged by the judge.

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73 MONTREAL

Love Letters.

OVE letters should always be dictated to a secretary.

If your fiancee will allow you to send her typewritten letter that you are in for a comical marriage life, it does not object to anything. Besides, if you dictate your sentiments to Lucy to a sympathetic third party you are much more likely to express them successfully than if you let your clever pen run away with you. You would never dare to dictate twaddle to a secretary, like letter beginning "My Own Little Dove" and containing any allusion to "Duckie Darling," would cause the secretary to fling up his hands and cry for help.

If you employ an amanuensis there is no reason why you should not combine sense and sentiment. It is hard to do it well, though. Besides, the secretary himself may have a love affair of his own, and he may be able to assist your inexperience with shrewd counsel.

The experienced secretary ought to be able to keep up your end of the correspondence merely after a perusal of Lucy's letter.

If you have an amanuensis it is well to let him write the letter before signing it, for it may be that he has put in some good work intelligible to Ethel but incomprehensible to your Lucy.

When Lucy asks for an explanation of why you allude to that "delightful half-hour in the Big Wheel," she will know your secret, for the secretary's amours are well known and discussed. Still, she has that excuse. Whereas if you write your own love letters and commit a similar mistake, you are booked for single life (so far as Lucy is concerned). Remember, you are writing not to please her, but to please her.

And therefore you are perfectly justified in adopting the means of expression that is most convenient to you. You are entitled to use a gramophone if you like, or even a lady secretary of surpassing beauty. But if you can get Lucy to stand this latter method you will have the best wife in the kingdom. Ninety-nine girls in ten hundred would break off the engagement if an acquaintance of the girl's beauty of your employee, and it is well to let them all do it. You do not want to marry 99 girls, you want to marry the one woman in the world. And the lady who will make no complaint about your secretary is worthy of your great love. Personally, I doubt if she exists, but if you find her you will be the champion married man in your district, and can grow whiskers.

There is only one subject that you should deal with in your love letters. That subject is Lucy.

I select this name because any man who has been in love to any extent has been in love with a girl called Lucy. Lucy is the least common denominator of love. It is the one thing that girls of this name always become engaged during their first season, but practically they never marry. The percentage of married Lucy's is only 3.5, whereas the proportion of married Nellies is no less than 9.66219, these figures speak for themselves. Do they mean that all are wrong? Perhaps these figures are all wrong; and, therefore, it is safe to speak of them as statistics. People believe in statistics, who believe in nothing else; and it seems to me that if you can train your mind to believe in all the statistics, you are going round, the ordinary man has no power of cruelty left over to devote either to Free Trade or Christian Science or Lucy.

You must talk to Lucy about herself and her merits, and tell her that she has got all the best characteristics that were ever allotted to any one girl. Say the same thing over twice in different words, and then state that if you caught any other fellow saying the same thing about her you would break his neck, see if you wouldn't, "yours till death" (this is dignified and pretty permanent as things go), Horace.

Horace is Augustus' adult it. Be frank; your signature may be the only true thing in the whole literary work. If this letter is a fairly readable production, keep a press copy of it; it may do for some other girl. If it is poor sort of work, keep no copy. When you are cross-examined about it, deny having written it; say that your secretary is from Dollywood, or has gone to Harriman University, U.S.A., to take a bogus degree.

N.B.—In the present state of the law, secretaries cannot be extradited for writing love letters.—London Magazine.

A Scriptural Warning.

Many of the railroads in the South are prone to giving passes indiscriminately, so that on some of the smaller roads about all the prominent people who live along the roads are carried free. Storekeepers—men-proprietors, politicians—in fact, almost everybody who has a claim to wealth or influence, travel on the roads, and repeat it, and then state that if you caught any other fellow saying the same thing about her you would break his neck, see if you wouldn't, "yours till death" (this is dignified and pretty permanent as things go).

Train leaving Buffalo at 9:00 a.m. will be run through to Atlantic City.

Atlantic City passengers may use trains leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River Bridge route, avoiding transfer. Passengers for other seashore points named will use trains leaving Market Street Station, Philadelphia. Tickets will be good from Philadelphia to the seashore on days following date of excursion.

This means you!

"Thou shalt not pass."—Numbers, xx. 18.

"None shall ever pass."—Isaiah, xxxvii. 10.

"Suffer not a man to pass."—Judges, iii. 29.

"The wicked shall no more pass."—Nahum, i. 15.

"This generation shall not pass."—Mark, xiii. 30.

"Though they roar, yet they cannot pass."—Jeremiah, v. 22.

"So he paid the fare and went."—Jonah, i. 3.

A Literary Digest.

Very fond of good books was young Prang.

For this he'd start in with Lang;

He'd wish down Bill Nye;

With some James, extra dry;

For dessert George's fables in slang,

—Life."

Valuable Silver Gifts.

The best Canadian wheat cereal—Orange Meat—is a nutritious and tasty food. "I not only use it myself, but advise my convalescent patients to use it," says G. M. Stratton, M.D., of Napanee, Ont. Every leading grocer can show samples of heavy silver-plated tableware given free for coupons enclosed in every 15c package. A splendid line of tea and dessert spoons in sets of six and three respectively, and beautiful pattern sugar-saucer and saucer, new designs butter-knife, all of very heavy silver plate, without stamp or advertisement, are among the premiums which may be secured along with this excellent Canadian food.

The Court of Love.

"TOWN TOPICS" has a decidedly clever skit representing a modern court of love in Paris, at which certain American poets present their offerings. Here is Richard Watson Gilder's alleged outbreak—

What is a sonnet? List and I will tell! 'Tis something very often writ with me To fit some corner of the "Century," L.e., John's chance to like it well. What is a sonnet? When thought won't jell,

As housewives say, to lucent poetry, I make one of it, filler, tail-piece— Gee!

It also minds me of a chestnut bell.

This was the wherewith Dante whooped it up,

And out of it great Milton took a fall,

And Shakespeare wrote a lot that we'd decline

With printed thanks! Beware! It is a

Filled with a high and most be-wildering ball,

Such as they serve at Coney, by the brine.

Then Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is nothing if not loving, sings thusly:

Gush and the world is with you,

Be wise and you're wise alone.

Put writing on space at a furious pace

Is a trick that I long have known.

James Whitcomb Riley also breaks out with—

When the poem's in the paper and your name is on the check,

You may laugh at any sheriff who would swipe you on the neck;

Just to do the spellin' that is on the rinky dink

And within your trousers pocket you will always have the chink,

When the ice is in the ricky and the price is on the bar,

Sit you down and write a poem 'bout your mar and 'bout your par,



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THE death of Wilson Barrett will cause a more general regret than would that of almost any other actor of equal or greater capacity or attainments. His admirers are found in a different field from that to which the ordinary actor usually caters. He was the first theatrical manager since the days of the old morality play with sufficiently shrewd business judgment to appreciate the tremendous advantages to be gained by devising a play that would attract that part of the public which usually regards the theater as one of the most cunning devices of the devil, created to lure the righteous from the straight and narrow path. He clearly saw that if this class was to be attracted to the theater a strong religious flavor must be given to the play. If dramatic action could be worked in with a biblical subject in such a manner as to give the impression that a great moral lesson was the real object of the piece, preachers and others opposed to the stage might be induced to go with the general theater going place in filling the treasury of the box-office. As a result of this business insight "The Sign of the Cross" made its appearance. As a play it was absolutely worthless and absurd; as a moral lesson grotesque and hypocritical; but as a drawing card its success was tremendous. Even to-day it can be surely counted on to fill any theater no matter at what season of the year it be produced; the uncritical audience which it attracts is used to having its sermons repeated time and time again, and as there are but few of this brand of play on the stage to-day, repetition does not weary. To anyone with a fair knowledge of the drama "The Sign of the Cross" is intolerable; to anyone with an ordinarily keen sense of propriety, not to say morality, it is offensive and disgusting. There is one scene in the play which is almost identical with a scene in "Sappho," the scene which caused police interference in New York, a city not frequently accused of priggishness. In fact the scene in the former piece is the less excusable, for it has not the artistic reason for its existence which partly excuses the celebrated "stairway" scene in "Sappho." Yet few ordinarily modest persons would confess to witnessing a performance of the latter play—nor should I blame them for their reticence. It is the psalm-singing in "The Sign of the Cross" which excuses the torture chamber and the house of harlots; it is the miraculous flash of light from heaven—really from the loft above—which makes the orgy and other indecencies palatable. It must be a nice thing to have one of those telescopic consciences which can be adjusted to fit anything that it is desirable to make it fit. I have seen hundreds of people with this kind of moral gauge attachment enthusiastically applauding "The Sign of the Cross" when they would have been scandalized had anyone asked them if they had ever seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a less indecent play. This is the greatest tribute that I can offer to Wilson Barrett's genius. He was not a great actor, though he was always acceptably competent; he was a great business man, for he understood human nature, accurately appreciated the value of its amusing little weaknesses, and achieved success by skilfully playing his own march of triumph on them without an alarming discord.

Amelia Bingham opens her coming season on September 5. Her tour will include the south and middle West. She will present her great New York successes, "The Climbers," "A Modern Magdalen," "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," Clyde Fitch's clever comedy, "Olympe," and "The Vital Issue." Miss Bingham's tour is so arranged that she will return to New York immediately before the holidays.

Sam S. Shubert has added Herbert Kelcey and Ellie Shannon to his list of stars. It is his purpose to present them this season in a new play from the German bearing the unique title of "Taps." It is of a semi-military character. Miss Shannon will find herself invested in a role of the same style as Margaret in "Lady Bountiful," which was the greatest hit this charming actress ever made. Mr. Kelcey finds himself well suited. It is not anticipating too much to expect that this play will duplicate the experience it had in Germany, where it ran two complete seasons in Berlin alone, and so strong were its drawing powers that five companies were sent on tour.

Sam S. Shubert will send on tour this coming season twelve attractions, among which will be:

Jefferson De Angelis in a new comic opera entitled "Fantana." The novel feature of this new musical offering will be that it will present a blending of the Oriental with the Occidental. It is the intention to make this the most pretentious production ever known to the stage so far as ensemble and scenery are concerned.

De Wolf Hopper will go on tour in his greatest success, the Goodwin-Morse opera "Wang." The prima donna will be Miss Nella Bergen.

Miss Ada Rehan becomes a member of the Shubert forces this season, and after a run in New York will be sent on tour in a repertoire of the classics including "The School for Scandal" and "The Country Girl."

Two "Chinese Honeymoon" companies will tour both in the East and West, and should no doubt duplicate the success they attained last season.

Hearts.

They played at hearts on the ocean strand,
When the moon was shining bright;
He thought that the queen was in his hand,
She thought she played aright.
But summer has gone, and they both have strayed
Away from the fickle wave.
He says 'twas only the deuce she played,
She says he played the knave!

C. S. Friedman.

Supplied.

Mistress—Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?
Maid—They wanted to, ma'am, but I told 'em yez had plenty of your own, and better ones, too.

A GROUP ON THE "CORONA."
The champion, Lewis F. Scholes, is holding the famous cup.

THE question of professionalism in lacrosse has bobbed up again, and at last there is a prospect that the matter of paying players will be settled for good and all. When the Capitals played the outlawed Tecumsehs last Saturday they created an issue which the Canadian Association of Amateur Athletes cannot ignore. Of course everybody who knows anything about Canadian athletics and who will not deliberately close his eyes, knows that for years lacrosse in Canada has been a professional game. Even the Simon-Pure Torontos, who are now enjoying a brief season of inactivity, paid their players. It was denied, of course, but the money changed hands just the same. To the plain, ordinary citizen it would seem more desirable to have out-and-out professionalism than counterfeit amateurism which makes liars of men who, themselves, are decent enough fellows. The players make no bones of the fact that they get money. Harry Gillespie, the manager of the Tecumsehs, took the bull by the horns at the C. L. A. C. A. A. conference on Saturday evening last, and plainly announced that his is a professional team. The players get their money every Monday morning. The Chippewas get theirs, it may be remarked, on Friday evening. The good gentlemen from Montreal who came to Toronto to interview the C. L. A. people were aghast at Mr. Gillespie's confession. The Eastern method is to deny that players are paid. In other words, the club managers lie. Mr. J. K. Foran of the Capitals furnished an honorable exception. He acknowledged that the Ottawa men are paid. But of course the Shamrocks, Cornwalls, Nationals and Montrealers are all gentleman amateurs—that is, if you don't mind what you say.

With the Capitals professionalized the day of openly paid teams comes. The question as to whether the game can be made financially profitable is one that brings forth all kinds of opinions. One thing is certain, and that is that both Chippewas and Tecumsehs, professional clubs, have made money this season. Ottawa has had a paying professional club for years, although the margin of receipts over expenses, year in and year out, is not large. The Shamrocks make plenty of money, while the Cornwalls, Nationals and Montrealers do business at a loss. Thus it seems that Ottawa and Montreal can each support one good professional team, while Toronto seems able to carry two. The players nearly all have trades at which they work more or less actively during the lacrosse season. There is a fear that, with the adoption of openly professional lacrosse, the players might want to occupy the same place as baseball players, and refuse to do anything but play lacrosse. Then salaries would have to go up. The game could hardly stand this. At present thirty dollars a week is the top notch of the lacrosse player's pay. He earns his money easily, for

he averages not more than two matches a month. The new professional league that is bound to be formed cannot do more than give the teams a match each per week. Probably the men could stand two games a week, but the people would not turn out in paying numbers. This is the opinion of men who should know the conditions surrounding lacrosse. The baseball enthusiast will gladly turn out every day that his team is in town. Why wouldn't the lacrosse cranks do likewise? Surely the followers of the national game are just as earnest as the baseball fans.

Although the Tecumsehs went down before the Capitals to the tune of seven to three, the Easterners had all the luck. The game was played in a driving rain storm, and the field was inches deep in water in some places. The Capitals were clearly the more experienced "mud horses," and they kept their feet much more successfully than did the home players. Nevertheless, when all is said and done the better twelve won. This is not to be taken as an acknowledgment that the quality of Eastern lacrosse is better than the article served up in Ontario. There is not much difference between Tecumsehs, Brantford, Shamrocks, and Capitals. The two latter teams are the stronger, but there is no very great disparity. However, the question of comparison between the C. L. A. and N. A. L. A. twelves will soon be a dead one. With the advent of professionalism there will likely be a complete reorganization of the twelves. The fight between the N. A. L. A. and the lacrosse players has had one good result: the athletic atmosphere has been purified.

Some of the authorities of the N. A. L. A. and the Ontario Hockey Association seem to have a very hazy opinion as to the meaning of the word "amateur" in England. Mr. John Ross Robertson, as president of the Hockey Association, offered to cable to England for information as to whether a man can be an amateur in one sport and a professional in another, and whether a professional can at will resume amateur standing. Mr. Robertson might have saved his money by asking Mr. Francis Nelson, or by applying for information at this office. As to the first question, I can tell the president of the O. H. A. that in England cases are quite numerous of a man playing professionally in one sport and as an amateur in another. Thus it is very usual for a professional in cricket to play football as an amateur, and vice versa. As to the second question, once a professional, always a professional, is the rule in England. But this does not connote every sport. It refers only to the branch in which the man has become a professional. Cricket seems to have rules of its own. As long as a man accepts money for playing the game he ranks as a professional, lunches with the paid players, leaves and enters the field by a different gate. But as soon as the professional ceases to accept cash, he is again an amateur. I remember that A. N. Hornby, for many years one of Yorkshire's best gentleman players, became hard up, and turned professional. He was a paid man for two or three years. Then he fell into a nice property, and immediately he became once more an amateur. This peculiarly happy-go-lucky system seems to suit the cricketers all right, but it would hardly do with other sport. As a matter of fact, cricket is full of veiled professionalism. Men who pose as amateurs and who are accepted as being such, are paid by the counties big salaries as assistant secretaries or auditors or some other functionaries. Of course the duties are merely nominal. The idea is that the men will play for

the county hiring them. They escape the professional brand. But it does not appear that they escape it creditably or in a sportsmanlike manner.

I beg to extend to Ald. Ramsden the assurances of my very distinguished consideration. The reception to Mr. Lou Scholes was carried out in a dignified and creditable manner. There was no attempt to make a circus attraction of the young gentleman, who charmed everybody by his modesty and urbanity. He would have looked like a fool if the brilliant proposition to stick him on top of a fire-truck had been adopted. Doubtless the estimable gentlemen who originated this scheme would have had a certain amount of difficulty in getting the champion to make a holy show of himself. I am told that Mr. Scholles, senior, who is a man of taste, promptly put his veto on the aerial truck scheme. The correct plan was followed in bringing father and son, with the acting Mayor, up town in a cab. That was the way a gentleman should have been received.

The yachtsmen of Rochester want the conditions of the Canada Cup races altered so as to allow of smaller boats being employed. It is to be hoped that no such change will be made. The best seamanship is to be seen in the manoeuvring of the craft of the dimensions of "Irondequoit" and "Strattonoma." There are plenty of races annually for the twenty and twenty-five footers. The big single stickers furnish exciting sport. And moreover, it is doubtful whether the deed of gift of the Canada Cup could be legally altered at this juncture. If it can, it should not be so altered. Doubtless the opposition of our men will thwart the plan.

OLYMPIAN.

LAWN BOWLING.

It is an old saying that "it is a wise father that knows his own child." The Western Ontario Lawn Bowling Association is a precocious boy, virtually an offspring of the Ontario Lawn Bowling Association, and it has really the audacity to call itself the "premier" association simply because of the fact that its present tournament, now being held on the lawns of the London Rowing Club, is the largest in the annals of Canadian lawn bowling. Several reasons may be assigned for this fact. London is the center of a group of small towns which devote their summer to bowling on the green, and to exemplify this, I was told by the representative of a well-known wholesale concern that if you wanted to do business with a merchant in the Western Ontario circuit you must look for him on the green, and the keenest bowler you are the more likelihood of your receiving a good fat order. Then, again, the "liquids" are free, which lessens somewhat the expense account of those participating in the tournament, and last, not least, the Londoners are good sports.

It was indeed a pleasure to meet many old faces on the lawn. Our old friend Sam Hodge of Mitchell as usual had a kindly greeting for all who came in his way, and then his confere, Colonel Dogherty, as keen as ever to lie close to the "Jack." Jamie Laird of Brampton, with his "corncock" and his close observance of Doc Roberts, was another old friend, while Bill Jackson of Clinton, who won the trophy last year, was somewhat subdued by his defeat in his preliminary canter this year.

The location of the lawns on the banks of the Thames could not be improved on, and 23 greens accommodated 79 rinks. The greens were in nice order, except being a trifle hard and in some cases not very true.

Western Ontario must be the acme of healthy localities, from the number of ejaculations of "Well played, Doctor," heard all over the lawn, there must have been at least a score more participating in the game, showing that the "sawbones" can even spare time from their patients to take a little recreation. The tournament will continue all the week and we will speak more fully of the various games in our next issue.

The game is making rapid strides in our Queen City. A new club has been formed in the East End by the parishioners of St. Clement's and will no doubt prove a strong combination in the near future. St. Matthew's Club, also in the East, has laid out a new lawn on the most approved style, containing 12 greens, and the ambitious Balmy Beach Club has contracted for a lawn of 18 greens, to be laid as similar as possible to the well known Scotch rinks of Dunfermline.

A Case of Tu Quoque.



She—How do you like my new hat?
Sutherland Highlander—By Jove, what extraordinary headgear you women do wear! Punch.

Confetti.

Nothing is too sacred to tell, if you tell it sacredly. Beauty without grace is the hook without the bait.

Life is not so short but there is always time enough for courtesy.

Every man who drives a sharp bargain is a cynic; every man who asks you for a receipt is a cynic.

Emotional cramps are not spiritual crises.

Envy is the sincerest flattery.

The man who says "money isn't everything" generally owes a laundry bill.

To err is human; to forgive—diplomatic.

The world is divided into two great classes; the women who love him and the woman he loves.

There may be luck in odd numbers, but chances are generally even.

Policies: craft and graft.

Get the prize. Let others explain how they lost.

Necessity knows no law—except mothers-in-law.

Every dog has his day—and some dogs every day.

Love at fifteen is play; love at twenty is serious; love at thirty is fatal—it results in marriage.

When it Comes Hard.

It is easy enough to be pleasant.

When your automobile's in trim, But the man worth while

Is the man who can smile.

When he has to go home on a rim.

Aubrey—Youah daughtah has consented to mawye me, and er I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family?

Old Gentleman (emphatically)—There must be!



John Bull—See here, Whiskers, call off that mongrel bear of yours. I cawn't hold my bloomin' lion any longer.

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Intimate Interviews.
IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER I found busily engaged in writing out his resignation as Prime Minister of Canada. He was without coat and waistcoat, and his collar and back hair lay on an empty chair beside him. His face was pale, pinched and grown suddenly old, while a haunted look sat far back in his eyes and watched him at his work. He glanced up for but an instant at my unannounced entrance, then resumed his task as if his life depended on the early completion of his self-imposed labor. My heart was touched by this picture of despair. I caught myself unsaying all the unkind things that in the past I had given utterance to when my thoughts had turned to politicians.

"Wilfrid," I said, "what is it?" I felt that I should take myself as close to him as possible in the hour of his affliction—and "Sir" sounded too stiff and formal.

"I resign," he replied, with tears in his soft, sweet tones.

"But, surely—" I began.

"Why," he broke in, "you would not have me remain after what has happened!"

I felt my position become suddenly more difficult. What could have happened of which I had not heard? Could he have robbed the treasury? What of that? Such things had been done scores of times before, and no one but an Opposition editor had even mentioned resignation. Could he have indulged in some foolish escapade which the papers had hushed up? No; this was Sir Wilfrid, not the sporting Cabinet knight. Had he betrayed the country by signing some ruinous treaty, or was he detected in some disgraceful act? Clearly little slips like these would never prompt him to take so radical a step. No; the Alaska treaty and the G. T. P. R. deal had both been carried through. Evidently it was something of which the public had not yet heard, something perhaps that cut the Premier more deeply than could any outburst of popular indignation or any knowledge of a public wrong. Here was a case that required tact. I quietly took a seat and let him proceed with his writing, undisturbed.

Presently he looked up. "Isn't it awful?" he wept. "And think of it—just three months before the elections! It's terrible! I think he might have waited three short months more, after holding off for eight whole years." His head sank on his folded arm, and I could see his shoulders shaking with emotion.

Altogether I felt thoroughly silly. True, he had my heartfelt sympathy, but I should greatly have liked to know what the whole trouble was about. It is mighty hard to advise a man when you don't know anything about the cause of his embarrassment. I finally decided that the only thing to do was to make a bold break and find out what the matter was.

"Pardon me," I said, "but I am still in the dark as to the cause of your seemingly rash act. It seems difficult to believe that anything short of a gunpowder plot or a long series of votes of censure could prompt you to adopt so unusual a course as that which you now contemplate. A Premier's resignation I, in common with the entire public, have come to regard as an interesting example of antique etiquette, a thing like the chivalric duel, amusing inasmuch as it illustrates the quaint views of our ancestors, but grotesque if revived for modern use."

His face brightened, and looked almost happy for a moment, but it fell almost at once. "Ah," he sighed, "that is the way you English look at it. You forget my race. And where would my popularity be if I for a moment should also forget it? Tell me that. Indeed it is by keeping well in prominence the little niceties characteristic of my nationality that I manage to hold so many who would otherwise go over to the enemy. In the present case I must appear hopelessly ruined—what you would call 'cut up'—or the people will begin to think me thick-skinned and commonplace. Oh, no; I must resign. Then I shall have the public sympathy and admiration. But it is too bad, too bad. I did not think he would do it—no, no!"

I tried to recall anyone who had said or done anything recently that could be considered as a personal attack on the Premier, but Sir Wilfrid interrupted me.

"Oh, Beckles, Beckles, why could you not have wait?"

"Beckles? Beckles?" I repeated, searching my memory for a person whom the name would fit.

"What! Do you not know of the letter?" Sir Wilfrid cried, I shook my head.

"Oh, dear, I am relief! I thought everyone would know of it. I thought he must be some big man that I have overlooked. I placed on myself all the blame for not hearing of him before. Now I learn that you, a newspaper man, whose business it is to know everyone, have not heard of him also. That is very good—yes, yes, that is very good."

"Beckles, you say his name is?"

"Yes, yes, Beckles something. Let me see." He reached for a copy of Morgan, which was lying open at his elbow, and ran his finger down a page. "Yes, here he is. Henry Beckles Willson, author and journalist, born in Montreal, present address Inner Temple Chambers, E. C., London, England. Sounds pretty big, eh?"

I leaned back in my chair and laughed. "I fear you have been seriously taken in and caused a lot of needless alarm merely by a high-sounding address, Sir Wilfrid."

The Premier sprang to his feet and leaned eagerly towards me. "You think so?" he cried.

"Indeed I'm quite sure of it. All those fellows who turn up in London call themselves authors and journalists, which names they justify by writing wearisome letters to Canadian newspapers. And they always write from one of the Temples or from Bow Street. When the cattle boats are running frequently every mail is loaded down with stuff from our 'authors and journalists' abroad. It is indeed a nuisance which should be stopped. Now if the Government—"

"Then this man is, you say, of no account?" the Premier almost screamed.

"Oh, I couldn't say that—his mother may hold him in very high regard," I smiled.

"But in his 'open letter' published in the papers the other day he spoke to me as if I existed only on his sufferance!"

"Perhaps he had had luncheon with Sir Gilbert Parker," I suggested.

"But he talked to me like a father to a sick pup. And he calls me 'a chill-blooded radical,' 'a timid reactionary,' he says my rhetoric is 'shallow and shifty,' that Tarte's 'damning' is to be preferred to my 'lukewarm impartiality.' Well, he is very welcome to Mr. Tarte's damning. I am very sure. Indeed, I hope he may get an abundance of it in the near future. But it was the ending of his remarkable letter which fully convinced me of the hopelessness of my cause. Here it is." He picked up a week-old newspaper and read: "In the devout hope that you may shortly retire into a happy private life, and so cease to exert a malign influence on the destinies of my country, etc." Now, from that I naturally judged that the country was his, or at least that he was its guardian—so what was left for me to do but step out? I tell you, it was no very nice joke. Had you not changed in at an opportune moment—well, Laurier would have been no more so far as affairs of state are concerned."

"It is too bad," I agreed. "Doubtless those editors who published the letter did so as a joke."

"Yes, yes, but that kind of joke must be stop. Confound it! This is the result of Mulock's penny postage. If these fellows had to pay three or five cents to send letter they could not, in all probability, write at all. I shall consider the advisability of having the old rate re-established."

He arose, hastily donned his hair and wearing apparel, and walked with me to the street.

JAQUES.

Jottings of a Fool.

It is a wise fool who knows his own failings. The excess of fools in this world is due to the fact that fools marry without thinking and the wise man thinks without marrying.

It takes sharps and flats to make a musical masterpiece.

It is a wise fool who knows his own failings.

Folly to be appreciated should be less seen.

Fools will not believe what the wise say, but then—the wise will not believe what the fools say.

A fool may appear wise to his wife.

A fool's gravity is the cloak borrowed from the wise.

The folly of the wise almost exceeds the foolishness of the fools.

A fool with a loaded gun may do more damage than a wise doctor with all his medicines.

If all fools became wise, and all the wise men fools, how few fools there would be.

FUN AT THE ISLAND.



With the Procession.

AFTER the hero's right arm had been carefully bled and his collarbone restored to correct position, the Acting Mayor lifted him into the waiting carriage and prepared to make way through the shoal of sardines on Yonge street. Wild cheers rent the air, which hung in tatters where the champion reached King street, where Toronto's beauty and chivalry were packed in oil. Aldermen of correct chest measurement followed the man of the hour and used all the smiles demanded by the occasion. Then came a carriage containing the first boot-black who had improved the shining moments in the service of the champion, and whose haughty unconcern was all unmoved by the tumult of applause in which could be distinguished the cry, "Brush 'em again, Johnnie!" In the morning papers this glad youth was referred to as "The Prince of Shoeshiners," and the City Council offered him an entire new kit set with Canadian jewels that made the necklace gift to Lady Marjorie Gordon look like thirty cents. Following this carriage was a Victoria in which timidly sat his first Sunday School teacher, whose feminine cheeks were suffused with blushes as the crowd recognized her contribution to the greatest rowing that has been. Tears stood in the eyes of elderly clergymen as they thought of the lesson to be learned from the scene. There were as many as several emotions as the next carriage rolled majestically along with "the man who gave him his first shave." The master of the tonsorial art modestly bowed and waved his razor to the people who clamored for a handshake. Following him was a man of heroic mould whose face beamed above a placard on which was inscribed "The first boy he licked." The licker was evidently proud of the scrap he had left behind him. Not a boy among the rubbering thousands but would have been glad to change places with the man who had bit the dust before the champion's boyish fist. He recalled with swelling heart and head the sadness and humiliation of the conflict when "yah" had echoed from every corner of the school-yard. But now he came second only to the hero, and he mused on the little ways of Fate which can turn our downfalls into up-settings.

A motherly old lady was jammed against the C. P. R. office with her basket crushed into a snapless heap of straw.

"Where is he, bless him?" she exclaimed, "and I remember where he used to buy candy at our shop. He's a nice boy, that's what he is." And the city of Toronto, from the Island to the Park, endorsed the verdict and cheered again for the man who had proved himself a true sport and a thoroughly "nice boy."

INCOG.

The Woman and the Rib.

Adam gave his rib
To make woman's shape;
(Thus the story's writ,
There is no escape!)

Many an Arctic whale,
Witness of the blame,
Also gives his rib,
For to make the same.

I sorrow not for man—
He gets his riblet back;
But for the poor old whale,
Alack, my friends, alack!

—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

Gabriel—Won't that spirit play his harp?
St. Peter—No; he says he wants some kind of a machine to do it for him.

Reeder—From Colonel Shud's stories it would seem that he was quite an important figure in the war, and yet I cannot recall having seen his name mentioned in any of the histories.

Sporty—No; I reckon he was just one of the "also rans."

—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

By The Way.

The livelier iris that changes upon the burnished dove is dull in comparison with the new verdancy that has come upon the Maple Leaf in the welcoming month of July.

Whatever may be wrong with Toronto, the lungs of the city are in healthy condition.

Speaking of collections of valuable fossils, why can't some patient buy up the Canadian Senate and put it under glass in Queen's Park?

If there is one item of expense the citizens won't kick against, it's the bill for calling to Perry and other great Canadians.

"Speech is silver," said the city magnate, as he handed over the cabinet to the blushing champion.

Detective Greer may be another applicant for the benefits of the Hero Fund.

Vancouver, B.C., has lately shown great enthusiasm over shooting stars.

Some one suggests that the Russian Bear has been seized with hydrophobia—a consequence of letting slip the dogs of war.

Henry Gassaway Davis is Democrat nominee for that vain and doubtful honor, the vice-presidency. Perhaps he'd like to become a member of the Ontario Legislature in case Fairbanks wins.

The charms of Ottawa as a summer resort are beginning to pall upon the gentlemen of the House of Commons. Even "Lover's Walk" seems to have no turning.

J. G.

A Russian Newspaper.

Contributors to this paper must sign their names to their contributions, as an evidence of good faith, but not for publication, unless we happen to be getting out a supplement.

The Men Who Lose.

When you've toasted all the captains who have sailed the Ship of Right, And bowed before the laurel crown of them that won the fight.

Here then's another health I call—the vessel tempest-tossed—Drink to the ships that went astray! Drink to the Men Who Lost!

Their name? Their name is legion—their names you never knew; They would not rise again from shame to take the crown of you.

For what avails the homage of the teeming street and mart, The statue in the market-place, when worms are at the heart?

A better song is in their ears than ever victor heard, A higher praise is in their hearts than any gilded word; They have learned the final lesson, though they learned it to their cost,

The men who lived and suffered, the men who loved and lost.

Through all the world they wander still, these outcasts at your gate; They have done with all your customs, and they preach the word of hate;

Yet are we kin with you, and once at least our paths have crossed.

Then pledge us now—drink deep and long—stand up: The Men Who Lost!

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

How He Knew.

Mr. Millions—The music at the opera was very poor indeed.

Mrs. Millions—Why, John! You seemed to enjoy it immensely.

Mr. Millions—I did, my dear; that's how I know it was poor music.

Evelyn—Yes, my great-grandmother eloped with my great-grandfather.

Cholly—Just fancy! Old people like that!

The City Missionary—You may not believe it, but I have talked with people who knew absolutely nothing about God!

The Sceptic—Slums, or smart set?

Dashaway—Was the seashore bracing?

Cleverton—Very. I was embraced by the girls, and braced by everybody else.

Mrs. Windycity—I hear that Mrs. Packer is quite a collector. What is her dad?

Mrs. Lakeside—Husbands.

Rose—I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door.

Fleming—if the wolf is anything of an art critic it will do it.

Payne—Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are.

Lane—I'll tell you some other time; I had pork for dinner to-day.

—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

Fo'c'sle Morals.

THE tramp steamer "Buenavista" had staggered out of the port of London two weeks before Alexandria. The two weeks, assisted by bad weather from the moment we passed the lights at the Nore, and a gale in the Bay of Biscay, had made officers, passengers and crew fairly well acquainted. The officers don't come into this story except incidentally. The passengers and crew make up the dramatis personae.

There were only three passengers—a man and his wife, and the other man. Why she had ever married him was past the understanding of the crew. We talked of it between watches and we never got any nearer a solution of the question why a fine-looking girl of twenty, with big brown eyes, a mass of raven-black hair, and a sweet voice, should promise to love, honor and obey until death a surly, big, fat porpoise of a man of fifty, than the dictum of the boatswain's mate, who was dignified by the title of "Lamps," and had the reputation of knowing much about woman nature from a well-established report that he had a wife and interesting family on three different continents, to whom he was spasmodically devoted, "that them women was past understandin'."

It might have been, if it were not for the "other man," that I would have shifted my kit out of the fo'c'sle of the "Buena Vista" at the first port offering a reasonable opportunity of jumping my articles, for I was young enough to imagine that a boatswain's mate whose language was a medley of coarse invective and Cockney ribaldry, and a dozen men who had been scooped up from the purloins of Ratcliffe Highway and haled originally from the North Sea fisheries, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Liverpool, were about as carefully assorted a lot of blackguards as ever swabbed a deck or set at defiance the laws of God and man. But things can be learned, even in the fo'c'sle of a tramp steamer, and a day at Gibraltar, where we had run in to coal, taught me more about the true inwardness of men than half a year's scribbling in a newspaper office.

Bad weather means hard work aboard ship, but the sailor doesn't let his mind wander when aloft, far beyond the bulwarks of his ship or the weather that surrounds them, and the fact that the man treated his young wife abominably became evident to us all before we were out of the Channel. The fact that the "other man" was sympathetically attentive to her also became evident. Even a Jack nasty-faced of the mercantile marine cannot go pottering around deck several hours every day in sight of a man and a woman without getting a faint idea of the way the land lies. And we debated the matter in the fo'c'sle. And every coarse-tongued sailor put "the other man" down as an oily-tongued scamp.

"What brings dat man aboard, anyway?" asked Ole Olson, the big fair-haired Swede, and his one eye that had been preserved for a frown on the water lots of San Francisco, glinted suspiciously.

"The chances are," said a New York dock-wallah, who had absent-mindedly shipped from Water

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P. W. FOLGER, Manager.

Reviewers of Books

LORD Byron had troubles of his own when he was in the flesh, but had he known that a woman novelist of the United States would make him the central figure of a romance he would doubtless have died in even greater misery than he suffered from the Miss Longfellow fever. Miss Hattie Ermina Rivers, who has already made name with "Hearts Courageous," a trashy novel of the extremely "historical" order, has just perpetrated "The Castaway," a story whose hero is George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, the author of "Childe Harold" and other poems. The book is said to take its title from a remark Byron once made, "One year—a king, a cad and a castaway"—meaning Napoleon, Beau Brummel and himself.

The first chapter opens in a thoroughly plastered fashion: "A cool breeze slipped ahead of the dawn. It blew dim the calm, Greek stars, stirred the intricate branches of olive-trees hidden in the rose-peach facades of sky, bowed the tall, smooth-lipped vines lining the rivulets, and crisped the soft wash of the gulf-tide. It lifted the strong bronze curls on the brow of a sleeping man who lay on the sea-beach covered with a goat-skin. . . . Day broke effulgent, like light at the first hour, and the sun rose, pouring its crimson wine into the goblet of the sea-blue crystal."

How can you read anything like that before? Is it not the style familiar to the heart of every schoolgirl, the style of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the dear lady who wrote "St. Elmo" and several other lurid tales? The woman who has not worshipped at the "St. Elmo" shrine in her early teens has missed one of girlhood's legitimate thrills. "Waste no delight in her," says the author, "and she will be a peevish schoolgirl, therefore, 'The Castaway' will be welcome, and it probably won't do the schoolgirl any particular harm, for it belongs to the caramel class of fiction, and an overdose of sweets is not a dangerous thing. But those who have felt the tempestuous strength of Byron's "Forsyte," "Mardon," "Frederick," "Amfred" and "Childe Harold," who know Macaulay's Essay on Moore's "Life of Byron" by heart, will probably feel some indignation that so virile a character should have been dragged into a cheap-and-easy romance written by a woman whose "facile pen is winged by fortune, not by the gods." Miss Rivers has sacrificed a good slice of the truth in order to make her declamation have more "weight." True, the poor Byron ever dreamed of getting to any woman. If he loved any one it was Mary Chaworth; and, had Byron survived the war in Greece, he would probably have dropped both love and literature and become a "man of affairs." Such was the opinion of those who knew him best, with which verily Macaulay agreed. But his modicum of wisedom taken added to a peevish schoolgirl adds up to ravings of the cheap atheistic order, instead of the gloomy, perverted but truly great poet of the "Regency days." (Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.)

"The Singular Miss Smith," by Florence M. Kingsley, whose first book, "Titus," was a pronounced financial success, is an interesting account of a young woman who has had an enterprising career in service in order to find out something of the actual conditions of servants. Her experiences are amusing and enlightening. She falls in love with a worker in a foundry, who, as a concession to the conventionalities, turns out to be a professor and a Harvard graduate instead of a "really truly" workingman. This is a Sunday School book plus several touches of humor. (Toronto: The Morang Company, Limited.)

She has made her hero a personal gentleman indeed. This is how the poet looked, according to the novelist: "The brown curls piled on the pale oval of brow, the deep gray eyes, the full chiselled lips and strongly modelled chin, etc." Throughout the story we are not allowed to forget the curls, although they vary in color, being brown in one chapter, auburn in another and burnished copper yet again. In fact, the vulgar curiosity is aroused as to the changing hues and the varying shades, until the great writer was not utterly ignorant of the gentle uses of hair-dye. We know that he had a great horror of becoming fat and, to avoid ungraceful accumulation of flesh, lived on pickled cabbage for many weeks. But it is painful to reflect on his ever-varying curls. The pale oval of boyish sounds tells quite well what does the novelist means well. But why does the extremely feminine scribbler of fiction insist on the word "brown?" However, we are spared the descriptive term "alabaster," and are correspondingly grateful. The eyes are gray most of the time, although they have blue gleams and occasionally become violet. The cheeks are rosy, but not to the almost blushing degree. One doesn't care to be reminded of an orthopedic hospital on every page.

The poet is called George Gordon and is so addressed by his London friends—a circumstance which is not historically correct. Sheridan is introduced as a broken-down nebrat whose wife is a widow of a former political creditor by Elton, Shelly, Mary Godwin and Jane Clermont are also introduced in a puppet-like fashion. The author of "Queen Mab" is represented as a half-crazy boy with a cloak that is always hanging in disorder. Lady Caroline Lamb is a sensational figure, with her madcap visit to Byron and her final public burning of his effigy. The chapter which describes the scene reads very much like a sensational yarn in the yellowest of modern journals. In fact, one almost looks for the scare readings. The chief feature in Byron's life on the Continent is made

of a story being told of a printer employed in one of the largest American publishing houses who was asked by a friend what was the most important book to be published by his firm during the coming year. "I don't know," he answered, naming a work whose forthcoming appearance had aroused much interest. "What sort of a book is it?" asked his friend.

"It's an autobiography written by the man himself," explained the printer impressively.—"Harper's Weekly."

Strange.

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Real Good of Him.

Kind Lady—Let me see, this is the second time I have given you a meal, isn't it?

The Hobo—Dat's wot, ma'am. An' Jist ter show dat I ain't ungrateful I'll give youse a testimonial wid me autograff ter be used for advertisin' purposes.

"So you are looking forward to a good time this summer?" "Yes, sir," answered Mr. Cummins. "Going to have a good time?" "No, I'm going to send mother and the girls out of town. Then I'm going to sit in my shirt sleeves, smoke my pipe in the parlor, and hire a street piano to play all the rag-time I want."—Washington "Star."

First politician—You remember that famous saying of Lincoln's, "You fool the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

Second politician—Well, I'm no hog. Some of the people for mine.

This Butcher is all Right.

Had Diabetes but was Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Great Interest in the Case as People Realize what will Cure Diabetes will Cure any Kidney Disease.

Toronto, Ont., July 25 (Special).—As the people learn to realize how much the general health depends on keeping the kidneys right, and how many diseases are the direct result of bad kidney action every verified cure of a severe kidney disease is received with interest.

For that reason the case of A. W. H. of the well-known butchers of 182 1/2 Mutual Street, this city, is well worthy of attention. Mr. Holman had Diabetes. Now he is a well man. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. Asked concerning his case, Mr. Holman said: "Yes, I had Diabetes for six years. I tried all kinds of remedies but to no use. My attention was called to Dodd's Kidney Pills by an advertisement and I bought them. I only used six boxes when I was completely cured."

As it is conceded that what will cure Diabetes will cure any Kidney Disease it must be admitted that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any Kidney Disease.



The Business Man

Though swiftly his business keeps bringing in wealth, His groans, "What's the use, for we now lost my health. My friends were more careful, Abbey's Salt took each day, And they are still young, while I'm old and gray."

When success depends on health, one can't afford to take risks with his digestive organs. A man can't think of business and biliaryness together.

Many a serious error in judgement has been made because the brain has been befogged by an upset stomach or a torpid liver.

ABBEY'S SALT, taken in the morning keeps the blood cool, sends the business man to his office with active brain—and the mental and physical power to grasp every problem.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt
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glossy legs; there were tables which seemed to have a perspicuous motion of their own, the ornaments—shells and coral, glass and card-baskets—faintly jingled when one crossed the room; there were sofas and chairs which creaked with faint remonstrance, but never succumbed under weight. The sofas and chairs had been upholstered with sea-green, then it faded to a green like a dairymaid's apron, which might have seemed to have been dyed in pink of old bloom—the long-past roses and pinks and heartsease of old gardens."

The very name of the story, "Edgarina," goes with the east parlor and the Litchfield garden. For some reason, hard to be expressed, this story reminds us of Hawthorne's uncanny New England studies. In subject, it recalls "The Birth Mark," but there is further likeness which is too subtle to be explained.

The title of the book explains the motive of each story, but the theme becomes rather tiresome when we reach the end of "The Last Gift," to find the donor's generosity leading him to commit suicide. Some of the "Givers" are altogether foolish in their lavish bestowal and arouse a feeling of irritation in spite of the author's loving treatment of her whimsical benefactions. The "Last Gift" is the last of the series, and it is the most absurd of the group. The "Giver" is a woman who has sacrificed all to her husband, and the "Last Gift" is a book to be given to her husband's successor to "The Humble Romance" and "Sister Liddy" that one is not inclined to grumble at the most absurd giver of them all. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

Pastor Charles Wagner, whose latest book, "By the Fireside," was reviewed in these columns two weeks ago, is to visit this country next week and November. A New York paper announces that he will confine his visit to the territory east of Chicago and north of Washington. It is expected that he will write a book on Uncle Sam's return after his return to Paris. It will be interesting to know how the land of magnificent distances and more magnificent names will impress the apostle of "The Simple Life."

The "Americans" are as sensitive about their literature as they are about other native products. They have been writing about the lack of appreciation which Englishmen show for "American" fiction. In the London "Daily Mail" Mr. B. Marwood-Watson makes the following sensible remarks: "The controversy which has been raging about the American book is little superfluous. Surely Americans do not seriously believe that American books are received with prejudice on this side. Conspicuous proof to the contrary is at hand. Who were the first to appreciate Bret Harte? Who invented Stephen Crane? Who are the warmest admirers of Poe, Americans or English? Who welcomed the work of the late Frank Norris?"

As a matter of fact, Edgar Allan Poe is more highly esteemed by more familiar to England and France than on this side of the Atlantic. He has rendered more whole-hearted homage to Twain and Harte than has Mr. Kipling, as "From Sea to Sea" will bear witness. "Good stuff" will be read in London, even if it comes from New York or Chicago. But is it any wonder that the fables of George Ade have given pause to the critical faculty of Mr. Andrew Lang, who had not mastered the Ade alphabet at the last time of writing?

Mr. Kipling, it is said, is to give the world a book of short stories this autumn, and those who remember "The Day's Work" and "Many Inventions" are hoping for the best. The two books, "Just Stories" and "The Five Nations," were a disappointment to most Kiplingers. The literary critics of San Francisco "Argonaut," who signs himself "H. A. L.", touches the root of the matter when he suggests that the malady which Kipling himself dreads may be coming upon him—the loss of vital interest in people and things, the toll "for the joy of the working." However, the author of "Soldiers Three" is not yet forty years old, and we may hope for something worthy of his first fine carefree rapture in his next book.

The early death of Frank Norris seemed a tragedy indeed when the world recognized how much good work the young writer had already produced. A California journal says: "The grave of Frank Norris is in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland. It is marked by a simple white granite column on the smooth surface of which are chiseled three stalks of wheat, with the name below. Near the grave is a cluster of tall maples. The plot commands a sweeping view of the bay, the hills and the valleys."

The celebration of the Hawthorne centenary in the United States was hardly so enthusiastic as that in England held last year. The Academy, referring to England's appreciation of the great novelist, says: "Not only has it received with gratitude such of his books (separately or in complete editions) as American publishers chose to send over, but has printed countless editions of its own manufacture, or at least with the imprint of 'London.' No fewer than five English reprints of 'The Scarlet Letter' appeared last year. After this book the works by Hawthorne which have been most popular in England are 'The House of the Seven Gables,' 'Tanglewood Tales,' 'Twice Told Tales' and the 'Wonderbook.'

J. G.

To the World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo., over the Wabash Line

In their new advanced twentieth-century imperial blue trains, nothing finer on wheels. Round trip tickets on sale daily at single first-class fare. Passengers returning from this great exposition say the grandeur and magnitude is beyond their comprehension, that the Wabash is the best route, because it saves many hours of travel and lands you right at the World's Fair gates. Passengers leaving Toronto and west on evening trains arrive in St. Louis next day at noon. New palace sleepers all the way.

For rates, time-tables and descriptive folders, address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Hostess (to new curate)—We seem to be talking of nothing but horses, Mr. Soothem. Are you much of a sportsman? Curate—Really, Lady Betty, I don't think I ought to say that I am. I used to collect butterflies, but I have given up even that now!—Punch."

July 30, 1904

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

MASON AND RISCH

JN putting the veneers on the wood and joining the parts together we use the very best glue money can buy. We put the glue on and press the pieces together with machinery.

At first glance that looks as if we used machinery to save time and money. But that is not the reason. We spread the glue by machinery because it must be absolutely even all over, and a machine never forgets a corner nor stops to talk in the middle of a job. Our hydraulic press never gets tired or has off days. It gives the same even steady pressure at five o'clock as it gave in the morning.

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When you are listening to a Chopin Nocturne played on a Mason and Risch Piano, talking about glue seems trivial, but you don't think of the quality of the hair in the brushes Jean Francois Millet used when the Angelus is before you.

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The United Arts & Crafts beg to announce that a booklet has been compiled which should prove of great assistance to those about furnishing. It gives valuable hints on Furniture, Carpets and Wall Hangings and will be ready for mailing towards the end of August. Those interested in Art applied to house decoration will on request have their names entered on the list for copy of same.

Respectfully,

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The Decay of Family Life.

FAMILY life, such as our mothers and fathers knew, is rapidly decaying under the influence of modern conditions. The family is becoming less tenacious of its hold on life.

When a young couple marry nowadays they seldom have a thought of founding a home in the old-fashioned and lovely sense; that is, a house by themselves, where they may be independent of neighbors and may rear children—plenty of them—without let or hindrance. They either go boarding or take up residence in a more or less pretentious apartment house, where the sweep on following day cook on a gas-stove and do light housekeeping with the aid of a feather duster.

Many bad results flow from the communistic mode of living which is now the fashion. The cramped quarters are a deterrent on productivity. Boarding-house and apartment-house families do not have families, or have only one or at the very most two children, and those rarely and sparsely. Children raised in hotels and boarding-houses are usually pert and ill-mannered, old beyond their years and not pleasant company for sensible persons. Their bringing up is artificial like that of flowers in a hothouse or kine in a stable.

There is an indescribable but very real charm about an old-fashioned home where the mother and father are surrounded by sons and girls, where there is no card of printed rules for tenants, where the head of the family is a king, sovereign in his own right and doing no obeisance either to vinegary landlady or domineering janitor. It is pleasant to see the children rising, like steps of stairs, from the baby to the adolescent girl or boy who is just finishing school and thinking of the future. Children are trouble enough, but in a home where there is only one to parents, they repay all the trouble. Cynical bachelors sneer sometimes at the father of a dozen children, but in their secret hearts they envy him. He is living the natural life, he is obeying

true instincts, he is enjoying the simplest yet the sweetest pleasures that nature provides.

And, as the years pass, and the children in the course of events depart from the parental abode to make their way in the world, the memory of their childhood home remains with them, a fond recollection, during the past with a sweet and subtle perfume of wonder scents a trunkful of treasured tales and illusions. A home is necessary to give a boy or a girl a right start in life. It supplies associations that are of the first importance in the development of character. It is an integral part of a sound educational system as the grammar school. It is the best of nurseries for home training, which teaches the boys to do errands and chores and the girls to help in the household, and lays the foundation of a practical, self-reliant character.

Blamed the Angels.

George is four years old and has just arrived at the dignity of his first knickerbockers with suspenders, just like papa wears. This was the pride of his heart, and at night he would take them off his trousers and clasp them tight in his arms when he went to bed. His mother found them there the other night, and as they seemed to be making the little chap uncomfortable, she took them away and laid them on a chair by his bed.

The next morning he had a long interview with his mother.

" Didn't you tell me, mamma," he said, "that angels watched everything I did?"

"Yes, George."

"Are they watching me when I sleep?"

"Yes, my son, they watch over you always, whatever you are doing."

"Do they come right in my room at night?"

"No, dear, the good angels are everywhere, always."

"Then," said George, merrily, "I bet they've been monkeyin' with my spenders."

Perpetual Motion.

The London "Daily Telegraph" has this to say of the American woman: "A state of perfect quiescence would be to the American woman of to-day an exquisite inferno. She is the chief expression of spirit which counts change and haste as progress. The automobile, noisy and jolting, but swift, is her appropriate equipage. She revels in new clothes, new places of residence, new forms of entertainment, and—thanks to the compliant divorce courts—new husbands. To settle down to a quiet life is to her the one unbearable horror of existence. She loves life and detests the country, save when she can carry to her rural retreat diversions and companionship as exhilarating as those that the city affords."

**SOCIETY**

The marriage of Miss Allie Dee Lawrence, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lawrence, Dresden, to Mr. David J. Ladd of Ottawa, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ladd, Cardigan, Wales, was quietly solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents at high noon on Saturday, July 23. The service was conducted by the Rev. Norman Lindsay, B. D., of the Presbyterian Church, Dresden, in the presence of only the immediate relatives and friends. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Ladd left for their home in Ottawa.

Miss Graham of 82 Madison avenue is visiting Mrs. T. Vardon, Galt.

Miss Olive Scholey, vocal pupil of Miss Lillian Kirby, passed with first-class honors at the recent examinations at the Toronto College of Music.

A quiet wedding took place at 60 Brookfield street at 2:30 on Wednesday afternoon, when some of the immediate relatives gathered to witness the marriage of Clara, the youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Cassidy, to C. McLean Fraser, principal of the High School in Nelson, B.C. Rev. H. A. Macpherson of Chalmers' Church performed the ceremony. The bride, who was unattended, was becomingly dressed in cream crepe de Chine, trimmed with lace, pearls and chiffon. The going-away gown was of Louisienne shepherd's plaid, trimmed with green, with hat to match. After a dainty wedding breakfast the newly-wedded pair left on the 5.20 train for Georgian Bay. On their return, after spending a few days with friends in western Ontario, they will proceed by the Great Lakes and make their C. P. R. to their home in Nelson.

Captain William H. and Mrs. Thurston of Sunbury, are visiting at the home of their son, Mr. J. C. Thurston, 392 Manning avenue. Mr. Thurston was captain of Rickett's famous Battery "F," Light Artillery, in the Rebellion between the North and South. He fought in General Grant's army from the battle of Bull's Run in 1861 until the battle of Appomattox, when General Lee surrendered in 1865.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Yale Massey are the guests of Mrs. Hart of Huntsville, Muskoka. Mrs. Massey's health is improving.

Mrs. A. T. Cringan and family have gone to their summer cottage at Windermere, Muskoka.

Mrs. R. F. Stupart and family left on Saturday for the seaside and will spend the remainder of the summer on the Island of Grand Manan, New Brunswick.

Principal and Mrs. Manley have gone to their island in Lake Rosseau for their vacation.

Mr. E. W. Sandys, whose third sporting book, "Sportsman Joe," is ready for its appearance from the Macmillan press, New York, is spending some time in Toronto, where he arrived last week. "Trapper Jim," the forerunner of "Sportsman Joe," delighted the boys and was by a keen critic called "the best sporting book for boys ever written." The new volume will appeal to larger growth, and will doubtless be equally popular.

Remained Just as Ugly.

She is a Woman's College sophomore, and was returning from a visit to New Haven and transferring by street car from the station in New York. She took only the available seat in the car, and just opposite two young men. Suddenly there entered a ladylike plainly-gowned girl. "Why don't you offer her your seat?" said the first young man, looking his companion. "She is too ugly," responded the other in a low voice, but the wind carried his remark to the sophomore, and she looked quickly to see if it had reached the other girl. Apparently it had not. That young woman was clinging to a strap in total unconsciousness that she was a subject for unfavorable criticism.

At the next corner a festive maiden, elaborately costumed, entered and the first young man bounded from his seat, which the newcomer graciously accepted. This left the second man at something of a disadvantage. He also arose and professed his place to the girl who had first entered the car. She surveyed him coldly.

"Thank you, no," she said in a clear voice, "I am still just as ugly as I was a few minutes ago." And the Baltimore girl longed to embrace her and give the college yell at the top of her youthful lungs.—Baltimore "Sun."

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**THE
Dressing Bag**
is Luxurious and Practical



Our 952 bag which we illustrate above is a perfectly made bag, complete with the very best quality of toilet articles. Made of a fine frame and in Black or Brown natural grain leather.

16 inch—13.00. 18 inch—14.00.

We carry the largest stock and greatest variety of Dressing Bags in America.

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Rhens
. Natural Mineral Water :.

Bottled at the "Rhens" Spring
in Germany—Rhens on the Rhine.

Its mild and refreshing taste, its natural effervescence, its agreeable flavor and purity make the "**RHENS' WATER**" unrivaled as a **Table Drink** for daily use. It mixes with milk, white or red wines, champagnes, liquors of all kinds and fruit syrups, without affecting either their color or particular properties, and is therefore highly relished by the fastidious.

For Sale at leading Drug Stores and first-class Hotels and Cafes.

A Jail and A Jail-Builder.

ONE of the features of the California exhibit at the St. Louis Fair is the exact reproduction of the first jail erected in the State, or upon the Pacific Coast. The building is of rude design and is built of cobble stone set in adobe.

It stands at Old Town as San Diego is now called, and is in a very good state of preservation to-day, after standing more than a century and a quarter.

An interesting incident connected with the jail is the fact that its builder was the first prisoner to be confined in the institution. He was also the first though by no means the last to break through the walls to premature freedom.

The contractor received \$5,000 for constructing the rude affair, a sum, even in those days of high prices, seemingly entirely out of proportion to the article furnished. Upon receiving the money he proceeded to celebrate the completion of the job by getting drunk and raising an unusual disturbance. He was arrested, brought before the justice and sentenced to a hundred days confinement in the bastille of his own constructing.

Having built the jail the prisoner knew its peculiarities, and, therefore, when the judge entered a drinking resort for a little stimulant at the close of his day's officiating, the first person he saw was the jail-builder, whom he had so recently sentenced to retirement from the Diego society.

"Why, Bill, how are you?" exclaimed the astonished magistrate. "I thought you were in jail!"

"Oh! stop your foolishness," cried Bill, "and come and have a drink."

Tradition says that the judge accepted the invitation and that Bill did not return to his cell until he stated his case and the warden released him and that the escaped prisoner received an additional fee from the county for fixing the hole he had made in securing his freedom.—"Four Track News."

What the Diver Saw.

The "Moskovski Listak" contains a curious legend contributed by a correspondent who heard it in the village of Taitza.

The story purports to be the experience of a diver who went down to the bottom of the sea to inspect the sunken boat "Petropavlovsk". He saw Admiral Makaroff and his officers and sailors all standing on the deck of the ill-fated battleship, together with Father Alexis, the priest, who went down with her. They were singing and praying for the Czar, crying, "Lord, have mercy upon Thy people." Then they all vanished and the diver was left alone with Father Alexis, who drew nearer to him and said:

"Go back to daylight. Be silent for three days and three nights, and then tell everything you have seen and heard. Tell them that we are praying

for the annual regatta of the Muskoka Lakes Association will be held on Monday, July 30, on the noble stretch of water before the Royal Muskoka Hotel, Commodore S. F. McKinnon has his splendid new yacht ready, and will have a jolly party from Toronto, Montreal and elsewhere. A

Graft Defined.

"What is your definition of 'graft'?" asked the inquisitive reader.

"Graft," answered Senator Sorghum, "is made up of the perquisites that come to some other fellow's office and to which you cannot lay any claim,"—Washington "Star."

Society

The bachelors of Beach avenue, Palmy Beach, were at home on Thursday of last week, and all present at the event excelled anything of the kind previously given by them. The following are a few of the guests noticed during the evening: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thompson, Miss Sue Stark, Miss Allie Stark, Miss Doyle, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Marlin, E. N., Gunausl, United States Consul, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Walsh, Mr. John Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. L. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gledhill, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Daly, Mrs. Jimmie Cowper, John Forsman, Dan Harrington, William Argull, William Settin, William Thompson, William Lawrence, George Harman and Frank Buert, Mrs. R. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hutt, Miss E. Hill, Mrs. Marlin, Miss Mildred Van Tassel, Mr. R. A. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Ross, Mr. Jack McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Burkhardt, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Bouvier, Mr. C. Bouvier, Miss Elvry, Mr. J. D. Bailey, Mr. James Ross, Alderman George Oakley, Mr. A. Pudsey.

Mrs. Charles Johnston and her little daughter are spending some time at Thousand Islands.

A smart little scub was administered in my hearing the other day by a very innocent-looking girl. The girl and the man were tête-à-tête in a shady spot, when a fussy maiden lady who had just arrived made a sprightly descent upon them. "Now, I don't believe you remember me," she said archly, taking a seat beside the couple. "Oh, yes I do," said the girl quietly. "I am now, I don't believe you do really. You sure you can't tell me my name?" "I can," said the girl with a flash of her eye at the restive man person; "you are Mademoiselle Du Trop."

A very charming Muskoka wedding took place at Hemlock Point, Lake Joseph, last week when Miss Ethel Beatrice Clark of Montreal and Mr. Fred W. Allison were married. Rev. T. W. Wilson, B.D., of Stayner, brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. S. S. Bates, D.D., of Toronto, officiated. Mr. H. B. Clark gave away his daughter, who was attended by his sister as bridesmaid. Mr. J. W. Tibbs was best man. The wedding march was played by Miss Allison, sister of the groom. The house was beautifully decorated with roses, carnations, water-lilies and ferns. The bridal couple left in a steam launch after the ceremony for a tour of the Northern Lakes. A number of relatives of the bride were at the wedding, including Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Clark of Aylmer, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Clark of Three Rivers, Mich., Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark of Winnipeg, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Johnson of Detroit.

Mr. John Andrew Paterson and his family have removed from 51 Walmer road to 167 on the same pretty street. Mrs. Gregory, whose husband is the new principal of the Ladies' Presbyterian College, is a sister of Mr. J. A. Paterson. She has had a most satisfactory career as principal of the Bradford Ladies' College, and her twin brother, Mr. David Paterson, has been for twenty-four years headmaster of Chatham Collegiate Institute.

Mrs. J. L. Scadding of Richmond, Virginia, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Gray, in Huron street.

Mrs. Warrington is visiting her mother on Lake Champlain. Captain and Mrs. Parkyn Murray returned last week from Minnecaganashene.

"Have I any engagement for tomorrow?" called the lady over the phone. "I have not an engagement for any night or day until the first of September. I am living like a nun, enjoying my yearly August rest. I go nowhere but to church, do nothing, sleep, eat and drink, and wear nothing but muslin. Don't expect me, for I shall not come to anybody's tea."

Toronto people who met Madame Nosse, the wife of the Japanese Consul-General at Ottawa, will be sorry to hear of her death on July 25 from an attack of appendicitis at St. Andrews, N.B., where she was visiting Lady Van Horne at Coven Haven. Madame Nosse and her husband have made many friends.

"An old fool is a pitiful spectacle," she said with her lips; but her eyes burned and she took the letter off the front of her gown to read it for the twentieth time.

It would have seemed a commonplace letter to one who did not live in Marysville, and who was not middle-aged. The writer was going to be in the town over Sunday, and hoped she remembered him and would let him come and talk about old times. He would call Sunday afternoon, and he was hers very faithfully, Gilbert Adams.

If she remembered him! Miss Lucia could have told just what waltzes were played the last night in this same drawing-room, dignified then instead of gaunt. It had been her last dance. Death and change had followed close upon it, and Gilbert Adams had gone away, and when courage and youth would have come back to her, she had found that she was middle-aged.

And he was coming to-morrow. He was in the same town with her now, perhaps even strolling about the quiet streets—mildly under the elms. You would realize that he was a young, course and would not expect to find. She was glad she had not grown stout, anyway. The blue silk gown that he had admired so much would fit her quite as well now as it had on the night of their last dance, though it had lain untouched in a chest upstairs for fifteen years. How pretty and becoming it had been! Of course she would look absurd in such things.

The light of rebellion deepened in her eyes and she glanced over her shoulder as though listening to a tempter. Suddenly she started up, and lighting a candle, left the room. Pierre looked after her uneasily. She had not said good-night, or put out the lamp, or even closed the shutters of the long French windows.

Presently hurried, furtive steps sounded in the hall and a quaint figure entered, and closed the door. Miss Lucia's dark hair was loosened out of its usual prim arrangement and about her flowed shimmering folds of blue silk, looped and draped after an ancient pattern, with the neck cut out in a deep V, and her arms bare to the shoulder. She looked guilty, a little frightened, but above all triumphant. Candle in hand, she rustled over to the long mirror between the French windows.

crowd will, as usual, go up-to-day, and I hear Muskoka is very full.

Mrs. Nolan of Henry street and Mrs. Bernard of Huron street are at Inglewood, Windermere, Muskoka.

Miss Mazo de la Roche, who has been the guest of Mrs. Robert Forbes at Laurier Island, Lake Joseph, returned to "The Studio" in Indian Road last Saturday.

Mrs. and Miss Hunt of Jarvis street have taken a trip by water to Duatun.

Miss Alice Harrison of New York is visiting friends in Wilcox's street.

Miss May D. Murphy is spending her holidays with friends at Charlotte, Michigan.

Mr. Sidney Bunting, Mrs. Johnston Taylor, Miss Gladys Taylor of Montreal, Mrs. Frank Robertson and children, and Mr. J. B. Cudlip of St. John, N.B., are visiting at Jackson's Point, the guests of Mrs. Sprout Smith.

Miss Drummond Buchanan has returned from Jackson's Point.

Miss Daisy Smallpeice of South Parkdale has left town on a visit to friends in Boston.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Penetanguishene are the following: Mrs. S. Lorie and three children, Miss Mrs. Mrs. B. D. Lee, Miss Blanche Mortarity, Wayne A. Lee, Edwin Lee, Mrs. Thomas MacKay, Mrs. Joseph Turner, Dwight J. Turner, H. Lenz, H. C. Brown, Mrs. E. L. Bonnick, Miss Valdai Bonnick, E. S. Singer, Mrs. George W. Goulnock, Master Roger Goulnock, W. S. Regur, wife of Roger, Miss May Fatz, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wilson, Mrs. Edna Studer, Miss Helen Eckardt, Douglas Eckardt, J. H. Wall, H. W. Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lowenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Leiter, Mrs. Saunders and nurse, Miss Myers, F. S. Orr, Charles A. Wall, Mrs. K. Orr, Mrs. Bessie Wall, Orr, Miss E. Orr, Mrs. Nan Wall, Mrs. H. Orr of Michigan City, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Krum of Chicago, H. L. Krum of Chicago, Mrs. H. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Harrington, Miss Hattie Harrington, Mrs. Harry Hildreth, Mr. and Mrs. Haman, Mrs. William F. Herman, Miss Katherine C. Herman, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Motte, E. C. Crowther, Dr. and Mrs. D. F. Ball, Charles E. Whitman, Mrs. C. E. Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Ball, Mrs. Morris A. Sacha, Miss Cecile H. Sachs, Miss Effie Michie, Miss Annie Michie, Mrs. Florence Lowndes, Miss Effie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hampton, Jr., Mrs. E. H. Fitzhugh, Miss May Fitzhugh.

The Toronto College of Music opens its seventeenth season on Thursday, September 1. New calendar and syllabus on application.

Mr. P. J. McAvay, the well-known vocal teacher, is summering in New York, where he is studying with the celebrated John Howard. Mr. McAvay will resume his teaching in September.

Her Secret Heart.

MISS LUCIA was thirty-nine, and that was middle-aged in Marysville, that California town of New England characteristics; so indubitably middle-aged that she accepted the verdict without a question, and felt secretly ashamed of certain thoughts and stirrings which it seriously unbecame her occasion—as obviously unbecame to her time of life. She still sat straight and dark and slim, but she would have worn a cap if Marysville had expected caps of its junior old ladies. The quiet, gaunt family house was middle-aged too. Poverty had cut down its resources and death and marriage had taken away its youth, till now the only noise about it was that of Ellen, the maid-servant—for neither Miss Lucia nor Pierre could be said to make noise.

One o'clock struck and Pierre, unusually bold, had opened his heavy eyes for his good-night caresses, but Miss Lucia still sat with her elbows on her knees, staring into the fire. There was no rebellion in her to-night, stronger even than the shame Marysville had taught her for the unseasonable vitality of her secret heart.

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Pierre sat up and stared in dignified surprise. Miss Lucia turned and bowed to him.

"Not a bad neck and arms for an old lady, Pierre!" she said. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes began to look black instead of grey. She set the candle down, and lifting the blue skirt in her fingers, she held her right hand high, as though touching that of an imaginary partner, and stepped gracefully down to Pierre in the motions of first four forward and back, first four forward and bow.

"Ladies change, Pierre!" she said in an excited whisper. Her cheeks were scarlet now, and her feet began to move with new daring. "Chassez!" she commanded, and swept off sideways with her face turned back to the partner who was not there: then she came flying down upon Pierre. "Swing the lala!" she laughed, and catching his wrists, whirled him from his cushion.

"La, la, la, la!" she sang—the waltz that had been the fashion fifteen years before, and danced recklessly about the room with the outraged cat, all the repressed, imprisoned life beating through her veins in sudden riotous freedom. Her cheeks were like fire and her hands were ice. She was young, young! And she was handsome, in this queer old silk gown, and her steps were light, and her heart was as.

And then suddenly—perhaps the fire died down a little, perhaps it was the striking of the clock—the waltz broke off in the middle of a bar, and, letting Pierre escape, she stood in the center of the room with her hands pressed to her cheeks. Then, throwing herself down by an old chair, she buried her face in her bare arms and cried out bitterly.

Pierre, forgiving, came and rubbed her shoulders, and presently, with quick, soothng brooks, she dried her cheeks and, rising slowly to her feet, pushed back the chairs as usual and closed the shutters of the long French windows. Pierre, shouldering her skirts, looked out wisely into the dark, but Miss Lucia's eyes were now blind with tears.

She was very middle-aged, indeed, when Mr. Adams came the next day, but he did not seem at all dismayed. Something in his warm friendliness comforted her shamed and sore heart, till she suddenly burst into tears again, more like the girl of fifteen years before than she could have believed herself.

"What a lot we had to learn," he said with a long sigh of reminiscence.

"I went away thinking I should find a world full of girls as nice as you, Lucia—whole streets of them in every city. But I never found one, not one—though it's only since the last year or so that I gave up hope!"

"And now I am middle-aged, woman," said Miss Lucia. But Pierre looked up at her so significantly that she made no excuse at that moment.

"I ought to be!" she faltered. He followed her across the room and drew her in front of the tall mirror.

"You are as handsome as ever," he declared. "And you'd look as young if you'd let your hair curl, and change this black dress for—blue silk, for instance. My dear girl, what is it?" For Lucia had suddenly buried her shamed face in her hands.

"I didn't mean to hurt you. You know you used to wear blue silk," he murmured innocently; but over her bent head he and the cat exchanged another long, intelligent look—Juliet Wilton Tompkins.

Queer Things Found in the Mails.

The Post-Office Department's exhibit at the St. Louis Fair contains curious things, but the collection taken from the dead-letter office in Washington is the most curious of all. It contains almost everything, from an alligator to a pocket-knife. There are several young alligators, rattlesnakes, scorpions, dolls, pistols, knives, brass buckles, shoes, hats and all kinds of curios which were sent through the mails, but were never called for, or else were held for postage